BARRY on THE FESTIVAL

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLII. No. 1075 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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A Trigger-happy World

MR. ATTLEE'S greatest single service to Britain and the world was his post-war decision—for he played a strong personal part in the matter—that Britain should "quit" India and Burma. As a result of our wise withdrawal, Britain has remained on excellent terms with the Governments and peoples of India, Pakistan and Burma, and British prestige has been immensely enhanced. If Mr. Churchill had been in power, and as bad as his word, we should have wasted our resources, our man-power and our credit on a war even more terrible, wrong and useless than the French struggle in Vietnam. India, like Vietnam, would now be in the hands of our bitter enemies; Indian nationalism, like that of Vietnam, would by now have turned to Communism. Just in time, the Dutch were restrained from similar folly to Indonesia. Nothing restrained the United States from backing the corrupt and discredited Kuomintang and so giving Communism its chance in China. In short, wherever in the Far East Mr. Attlee's policy of recognising the post-war revolution has been adopted, peaceful governments now co-operate with the West. Where the West attempts to maintain an imperialist policy there is war and Communism.

In the Middle East the fact that in the new revolutionary world old empires only maintain themselves by bluff was less obvious than it was in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin were persuaded by Foreign Office officials into accepting the traditional, but now out-of-date, assumptions of British rule in the Moslem world. On the basis of false and prejudiced information they went back on their promises to the Jews, only to find themselves compelled to retrace their steps and admit their error. They were told that the ruling classes of the Moslem world would always support the West, that the United States could be relied upon to support our oil interests, and that our old domination could be maintained by the traditional methods of favouritism and cajolery. The nationalism of Persia was called Communism and a unique opportunity for a new settlement in 1946 was rejected. Even after Rasmara was killed in the spring of 1951, there was still time to revise the preposterously inequitable terms of the Anglo-Iranian contract with Persia. When the demand came from the Persians, the Tories talked about using troops, until Mr. Churchill learnt that the United States would not in any circumstances support a policy of force, even if the British Government had been prepared to resort to it. It would indeed be interesting to hear Mr. Churchill's private comments on the activities in Teheran and Washington of the U.S. State Department's representative, Mr. McGhee, one of those Irish Americans who, no doubt unconsciously, is repaying old scores against the country which so long maltreated Ireland.

The State Department has supported Mr. Morrison's policy of negotiation; but it has been more alive than the British Foreign Office to the strength of Persian nationalism and has perhaps not suffered from the delusion that Moussadeq would give place to a more compliant Premier after we broke off the Stokes Commission and refused to continue talks. It was apparently this delusion that explains the incident of the unpublished letter revealed this week by the *Manchester Guardian*. How far Ministers, scattered about the earth, ever realised the significance of this renewed approach through the Shah, we do not know, but it is clear that the Foreign Office held that it should be rejected out of hand either because it was not proffered according to protocol, or because they did not believe the strong hint it contained of a sensible compromise on the vital question of the nationality of the future manager of Anglo-Iranian. Negotiations have clearly been mishandled by the Government and by Foreign Office officials, who have throughout under-rated Middle Eastern nationalism. That does not, however, strengthen the case of the Tories who have been clamouring for the use of force in Abadan and ridiculing the Government for rightly seeking its ultimate remedy in the Security Council.

The truth is that six years of hot war followed by six years of cold war between the Great Powers have broken down the foundations on which the old world was precariously balanced. When the big Powers quarrel and collect bases and satellites like boys picking sides in a game of football, the opportunities of violence, of unilateral repudiation of treaties, of strong-arm tactics of one sort or another, are limitless. War may begin anywhere because someone or other is "trigger-happy." Mr. Attlee is right in seeking solutions of peace and reason, and attempting to make the necessary adjustments without brandishing the big stick. It is annoying, no doubt, that the Egyptian Prime Minister should anticipate what may well be a sensible offer of a new contract for the Suez Canal by

a rude appeal to Egyptian nationalism. It was troublesome of him to include in his denunciation the issue of the Sudan, which should be decided by the wishes of the people who have experience of the Condominion. Thoughtful people who may dislike seeing Britain "pushed around," and who may have agreed with us in detecting grave errors in British Middle Eastern policy, can at least be glad that Mr. Attlee, in the midst of an election campaign, has refused to be provoked into ranting and storming about issues which are still soluble by negotiation. Mr. Churchill asks who is to hold the trigger? The answer should be those who, in a dangerous world, are least trigger-happy.

Promise to Parley

In his Party broadcast Mr. Churchill promised, as he did in 1950, that in the event of his coming to power, he would seek a "parley" with the Soviet Union. We were arming, he said, in order to parley, not in order to go to war. We believe him just as we believe that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison have the same idea. But is that any longer the United States' idea? U.S. Generals make it increasingly clear that they believe that in 1952 or 1953, when America has reached the height of her power, she will be in a position not to parley, but to present ultimata to the Soviet Union. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Attlee are both too intelligent not to know that this programme is a way of making war, and that to switch the mind of the Pentagon to a policy of parley would involve a very independent British policy and probably an unholy row with Washington. Electors must surely make it their duty to ask candidates of all parties whether they are prepared to insist on a parley, even at this cost. They might further ask Mr. Churchill if, in speaking of negotiations with Russia, he has any proposal for dealing with the atomic arms race. Stalin now states that Russia has atomic bombs, but still believes in abolishing all atomic weapons. On the same day Mr. Dean, the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, said in Los Angeles that America now had "tactical" atomic weapons, which presumably means atomic rockets to be used against an advancing army. Russia, which has since the war had the advantage of expert German advice on rockets, probably has similar artillery. What disarmament proposals has Mr. Churchill in mind when he tells us that he proposes to parley with Stalin?

Fresh Korea Truce Talks?

It looks as though the strain of this autumn's fighting were persuading both sides that it is at least worth while to make a fresh effort to see if conditions for a truce in Korea can be agreed. General Ridgway's acceptance of the Communist proposal that Panmunjom, a small village on the edge of the Chinese lines, should form a new site for negotiations was followed, with significant promptitude, by a message from the Communist High Command urging that the cease-fire talks should be resumed without further delay. Although the recent battles for bitterly contested ridges have been strategically inconclusive, the "limited offensive" launched by the U.N. forces has achieved—not, one imagines, without considerable casualties—several important tactical gains; and it is reported that Chinese troops have had to take over more of the front line from the hard-pressed North Koreans. Neither side can view with anything but horror the prospect of fighting throughout another bitter North Korean winter; indeed, this is probably the strongest argument in favour of a temporary cease-fire. Sanguine hopes, however, of a truce would be premature: so far as can be judged from broadcasts by Peking radio, the Communists still seem to be thinking in terms of the 38th Parallel as a demarcation line. This would involve a withdrawal by the U.N. forces to positions militarily much less favourable, and would certainly be regarded by Congress as conceding to the enemy a quite unjustifiable prestige victory. If the new truce talks are to succeed, it is clear that a "standstill" will have to be arranged roughly on the lines at present held by the contending armies.

New Cartels in the Ruhr

In their negotiations with the West German Government for its "defence contribution," the Western Powers are evidently finding that Government's conditions more exacting than they hoped, though not perhaps more than they feared. The Germans are objecting especially to continued Western controls and rights of supervision over West German heavy industry, and to the Western Powers' present intention of restricting the manufacture of war material in Western Germany. Against the background of this objection there is the solid fact that the Ruhr is now all set to go into full-scale production again. Out of the maze and muddle of "deconcentration and decartelisation" there has emerged not the mountain of public ownership which many had hoped for, in Germany and outside, but the mouse of a private rationalisation which goes little further than the nominal transfer of shares from one company to another. Nothing more clearly reveals the utter failure of the Western Powers to achieve their declared war aims.

Under their Law 27, after long and intricate bargaining with the Germans, the Western Powers decided finally to reorganise the iron and steel industry of Western Germany into 26 so-called "unit companies"—which the Germans, significantly enough, call *Kerngesellschaften*, "core-companies." Of these, fourteen have now been formed, covering some of the greatest factories in Western Europe. Already it is clear that good rich flesh is to be added to these "cores" as soon as possible. The great Mannesmann works, for example, is now divided into two parts; over these, shortly, there is to be set a "holding company"; and within the same complex there are to be included over a dozen other companies. At American insistence, the British and French finally withdrew their objection to vertical combinations between steel and coal; of the "core-companies" so far formed no fewer than twelve are to be permitted to link themselves together with coalmines. What was obviously necessary under public ownership becomes, in this new private rationalisation, a mere renewal in slightly different form of the great industrial concentrations of the past. Formally, the West German Government still has to decide whether the iron and steel industry is to pass into public ownership or remain in private hands: the owners of Krupp, Hoesch, Mannesmann, and the rest—the same owners as before—have good reason to believe that the question of ownership has long been settled, in practice, in their favour.

Dangerous Thought in America

How far have publishers, authors, reviewers, booksellers or librarians in this country, or in any other which has contact with the American public, awakened to the implications of the U.S. "Smith Act"? This huge piece of legislation which, in 1948, revised part of the United States Code, sternly restates the law about "treason, sedition, and subversive activities." One of the offences is to publish subversive literature, which explains why Justice Hugo Black, who dissented last year when the U.S. Supreme Court held the Smith Act to be constitutional, called it "a virulent form of prior censorship." The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* has organised a petition to have the constitutional issue re-tried.

At this moment, seventeen persons, including Mr. Alexander Trachtenberg of International Publishers, New York, stand indicted for "conspiring to publish and circulate . . . books, articles, magazines, and newspapers advocating the principles of Marxism-Leninism." Each of them faces maximum penalties of a 10,000 dollar fine plus ten years' imprisonment. Let us notice that Mr. Trachtenberg's politics are irrelevant to the issue. Naturally the first prosecution is taken against a politically vulnerable publisher. His firm publishes the Communist works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, as well as those of Diderot and other non-Communist authors. Hundreds of ultra-respectable journalists review books that may be more or less accurately described as Marxist-Leninist; sometimes the reviewers even express approval. Would the courts consider such reviews as "advocacy"? And why should prosecutions stop at Marx-Leninism? The New Testament and Paine's *Rights of Man* have both been held to be subversive before now. Is the United States public really prepared to accept a situation in which whole categories of books are to be banned, in which every publisher—including many non-Communist ones—who has published books that may be brought into this category must search his stock and destroy them as criminal literature? Are students in the United States to be denied acquaintance with revolutionary theory? What remains of the Bill of Rights in the U.S. Constitution?

The U.S. and Moroccan Independence

A coming trial of strength in the United Nations between the Arab League and France, over the issue of Moroccan independence, threatens to put a new strain on the good relations of France with her allies. Washington's position in somewhat equivocal. It was only last January that General Juin, then Resident-General in Morocco, was telling the Sultan that he must either disown the Istiqlal party of Moroccan independence, or get out. The Istiqlal, according to the official

French view, is no better than a pack of Communists, nationalists, strong-arm men, and riff-raff determined to weaken the "defence of the West" by cutting the painter with Paris. But at about the same time the United States was busy landing large forces of airmen and soldiers to take over and equip the seven military air bases which France has leased to the United States in Morocco. This part of North Africa, that is, had become a vital part in the system of American bases now being organised for use against the Soviet Union in the event of world war.

Having taken over Morocco, the Americans soon became aware that the French were unpopular. They discovered that the Istiqlal is powerful among all sections of the population, and that without the benevolent support of the Istiqlal the American occupation was likely to run into trouble. The Istiqlal, furthermore, had recommended to its members that they refuse to recognise international obligations made for Morocco by the French. The Americans, practical people, thereupon began to encourage the Istiqlal behind the backs of their nominal hosts. Such encouragement, Paris complains "might lead to an uprising." Since the Istiqlal is undoubtedly supported by Moroccan Communists, are we to infer that the Pentagon is merely acting on orders from the Kremlin? Senator McCarthy should look into this.

An Embarrassing Ally

So far the strangest stunt of the election is the discovery of the *Daily Express* that we can abolish all purchase tax at once by discontinuing £250 millions of Government expenditure. The sums suggested include £14 millions saved because next year there will be no Festival of Britain. But by far the most important of these items is £142 millions which the *Express* believes could be saved by preventing the Ministries of Supply and Food and the Board of Trade from creating strategic reserves of raw materials. This should be left to private enterprise "thus relieving the State entirely of financial obligation." This is a wonderful piece of economics. It is quite true that if all the reserve materials which the Government has providently bought were sold, the Budget would be thereby relieved. By the same token, we should all be very much better off if all the other preparations for emergencies and wars were simply abandoned; indeed, by similar reasoning Lord Beaverbrook could announce that he intended to save a large sum of money by auctioning the newsprint reserves of the *Daily Express*. It is no wonder as they look through this strange list of possible savings recommended by the *Daily Express* that Conservative Ministers carefully refrain from committing themselves. Mr. Eden would like to see purchase tax reduced, as we all should. But he rebukes the *Daily Express* by pointing out that any Government that is elected will have to face a situation of "infinite financial difficulty" and that it is impossible to say what exact concessions can be made. Realising how little room to manoeuvre the Tories will have, Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Walter Elliot are equally careful not to commit themselves to this latest piece of *Express* nonsense.

Mr. Churchill and the Liberals

THE election campaign has begun with thunder and lightning from the Churchillian Olympus. Down below, however, where the average elector goes about his average business, this god-like noise has scarcely caused a flicker of interest. The conscientious few attend sedate public meetings and leave the wireless tuned into a political broadcast; some read the sports news at the same time. By and large the prevailing mood is one of detached apathy, a sense that this will no doubt be the most important election ever held—but then every election always is, until it is over—but that somehow it's impossible to get very excited about it.

In this sluggish atmosphere, it is unlikely that there will be any marked defection from either of the two main parties. Both Conservatism and Labour have retained the mass support they showed in 1950; and the only unknown factor is which of the two electoral machines will be more successful in "delivering the vote." Apathy and a small vote notoriously favour the Right. The noisier therefore the election becomes, and the more anti-Socialist stunts the Tory press and the Tory politicians produce, the better will Labour's chances grow. All that matters to Mr. Attlee is that, by hook or by crook, the inert millions who have benefited from Socialism (and whose apathy is an ironical tribute to their own well-being under Labour rule) should be shocked into taking a walk to the poll between six and nine p.m. on October 25. Labour's principal danger is the indifference of people who have become so used to the advantages of the Welfare State that they forget what the world was like for the less well-to-do in the Thirties. In the days before the Labour Party had "killed incentive," the unemployed would have been surprised to be told that in the post-war world their sons and daughters would be bitterly complaining at having to pay income tax on salaries of £8 a week. If Lord Beaverbrook and his loud-mouthed colleagues can provide the necessary jog to their memories, so much the better for the Labour Party. The election will be decided by the size of the total poll, and the larger the poll the better Labour should do. The party's aim should be an 85 per cent. poll.

There is one exception, however, to this general principle. In 1950 two and a half million votes were cast for Liberal candidates throughout the country. In 1951 well over half these voters will be unable to vote Liberal, and so will have to think again. For once this year we have a genuine floating vote in almost every constituency—three thousand here, seven thousand there, occasionally over ten thousand electors who in 1950 were still resisting the pressure of the two machines and opting obstinately for a middle way. Whereas a great majority of the electorate knows which side it is always on, and merely has to decide whether it is worth bothering to support it, these two million-odd voters will have to make a new decision—either to abstain, or to surrender the struggle and drift to one of the big camps. Even if the total poll is heavy, the Conservatives might win a decisive victory by capturing a sufficiently high proportion of this Liberal vote.

Mr. Churchill is only too obviously aware of this. He wrote his election manifesto in phrases redolent of his Liberal youth. Not a sentence of it could cause offence in Liberal headquarters or bring a blush to the cheek of Mr. Clement Davies. Moreover, Mr. Churchill has indicated already that he would like to lead a broadly based Government, which would include men and women of all parties and of none, willing to accept his leadership in a grand anti-Socialist front. Last week he went one step further and spoke on Lady Violet Bonham Carter's platform in Colne Valley. The Right Wing of the Liberal Parliamentarians, while proclaiming their continued independence, have approved Lady Violet's decision to accept Mr. Churchill as her leader. Lady Megan may protest from her Celtic Highlands; but Mr. Clement Davies, the leader, Mr. Grimmond, the Chief Whip, and Messrs. Hopkin Morris and Wade, the rank and file, realise that their only hope of office is to go the way of Lord Simon, the Lib-Nats, the Nat-Libs, and the rest of the fellow-travellers on the Tory bandwagon—not forgetting Dr. Charles Hill, the "United Liberal and Conservative candidate" for Luton and Mr. W. J. Brown, West Fulham's Independent candidate with official Conservative support.

But will the Liberal voters follow their Liberal leaders? Or will they be offended by a compact effected far above their heads? No general answer can be given to this question, even if we limit it to the minority of Liberal voters who are Liberal Party members. In most of Wales and South-West England, for instance, Liberalism still retains a strong radical flavour, and Mr. Churchill's success with Lady Violet may well enrage it sufficiently to vote Labour as a protest against betrayal. In Lancashire and East Anglia, on the other hand, the anti-trade union bias among Liberals is far stronger; but even here the open acceptance of Tory leadership by Lady Violet may well cause widespread abstention among the faithful.

It must not, however, be assumed that the majority of those who voted Liberal in 1950 were Liberals. A very large number of these electors were plain, independent-minded "cusses," bored with party politics and anxious to voice a protest against what they felt to be the sterile choice between the party of the F.B.I. and the party of the T.U.C. These independent voters will remain completely unaffected by the quarrels of Lady Violet and Lady Megan. Their votes will be won or lost by what the two big parties say and do in the election.

With three parties in the field, the 1950 election was decided before it began, and the campaign, so far as can be ascertained, had no effect whatsoever on the result. This time the position is far more open. A large body of electors are being compelled to accept the two-party system which they dislike and so to make a decision which they intensely resent. Moreover, these voters are so distributed over the constituencies that they can cause a Parliamentary landslide in either direction.

The knowledge of this fact is causing a great deal of perplexity in Lord Woolton's headquarters. The first sign of perplexity was Mr.

Churchill's Manifesto, which was almost nothing but a bid for Liberal support; it must have been distressing to the more conscientious Conservatives since, in spite of much vague rhetoric, it flatly contradicted on vital points the theory on which their continuous attacks on the Labour Party have been based ever since 1945. How is a Conservative, who has declared that Labour is ruining the country by taxing enterprise out of existence while wasting public money on subsidising our food, to explain a Conservative statement of policy which promises an excess profits tax for armament makers and the retention of the food subsidies? Dare he suggest that this sudden reversal of policy, designed to capture Liberal votes, will only last until economic difficulties are insuperable, in which case the Tory Party must, however unwillingly, sacrifice the social services and the food subsidies rather than limit armament expenditure or seriously tax armament makers? Dare he point to Mr. Churchill's thinly veiled reference to a revival of the Means Test as an alternative way of increasing incentives?

As the election campaign proceeds this Churchillian document will look more and more disingenuous. It is all very well to begin by muffling the drums for the benefit of sensitive Liberals. But the Conservative voter expects something more robust, more anti-Socialist, more pleasing to those who subscribe to Tory funds. The Conservative machine always expects to have the big drums on its side. On the one side the independent-minded "cuss," who voted Liberal in 1950, dislikes the noise of big drums as much as he resents the size of big battalions. On the other the Conservatives expect more noise from Mr. Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook, even if Liberal voters are likely to be offended—and lazy Labour supporters woken up at the same time. Electorally, this is not a time for greatness, and Lord Woolton must sometimes envy Mr. Morgan Phillips the still small but very effective voice of Clement Attlee.

After the Ball is Over

I REMEMBER being rated by "Critic" for writing somewhere, when the Festival of Britain opened, that it had a serious underlying purpose; it being quite clear, he said (having seen the South Bank), that the whole thing was simply a piece of delightful inconsequence. But that wasn't true, even of South Bank. We had something serious to say there too, or at all events something of some national interest. The very architecture and exhibition design were themselves significant statements. But we tried to say our piece disarmingly, with wit and an occasional dig at ourselves—and, of course, in a new kind of setting. It is true that we also introduced a certain amount of deliberate inconsequence, as a protest against pomposity and for sheer amusement's sake. This, in its turn, puzzled the literal-minded visitor. I remember being asked by an American what the Skylon was for, and when I replied that it was for fun he went away troubled and incredulous. Another visitor, an Englishman, battered away at me to know why we had mixed fire and water in the Fountain Lake. Again the answer had to be—because we thought it amusing. His brows knit. He was searching for some symbolism or something.

The discriminating saw the point at once, and were flatteringly appreciative. The man in the street was occasionally a bit slower; he had to get used to the new shapes and the unfamiliar use of colour, though the great majority responded quickly enough to the general air of freedom and gaiety. He had to accustom himself to the novel exercise of using his eyes: I only hope they stay open. He had also to accommodate himself to bringing his intelligence with him, and a few resented this to the end, being nowadays conditioned to the ubiquitous provision of entertainment that requires not even the smallest intellectual effort. (I am not denying that bits of it were a shade too difficult, and that if we had, as they say, our time over again we would eliminate also a few black patches of didacticism and pedantry. But we were commissioned to tell a complete story, and some of it was found to be very difficult to tell simply.) Did I fancy, too, or is it a fact, that a crowd reacts to its surroundings, in the sense of respecting what it instinctively feels demands respect? At all events we solved the litter problem, and I rather fancy the place itself had a little to do with that. After ten days we were almost in despair, wading ankle-deep through rubbish (nowadays *everything* for sale seems to be "packaged"). But with the aid of hundreds of additional litter-bins (no good inviting people to be clean if you don't provide the wherewithal), of a greatly intensified scavenging drill and of an occasional not, I hope, too paternal appeal to good manners on the public-address system, at the end of a month the place was miraculously clean. One could inspect the site of an evening, when eighty or a hundred thousand people had been in and out of the turnstiles, and find it, certainly not spotless, but not obtrusively dirty.

As for sheer entertainment, it was only the smallness of the South Bank site that occasioned the geographical accident of separating the fun-fair from the exhibition. All exhibitions should rightly have their fun-fairs, but we had to put ours farther upstream, at Battersea. This separation did, however, allow us to use two distinct and completely contrasting styles, contemporary in one, in the other deliberately fantastical and "pastiche"; it will also, I hope, result in a permanent "Tivoli" for London.

What about the future of the South Bank? There could be no more ironic monument to the Festival than that the site should again become derelict and an eyesore. This danger was foreseen, and the L.C.C. have now issued some reassuring proposals, though a good deal still remains undetermined. The new river promenade between Westminster and Waterloo Bridges, laid out as Memorial Gardens, should be open again to the public next summer. It will be pleasantly wide, extending in the upstream section as far back as a line drawn at a tangent to the river-ward rim of the Dome, thus affording some limited scope for planting and landscaping. Behind it the Ministry of Works intend to begin operations on a new though long-planned Government block. One hopes their paraphernalia will not be screened by the usual perfunctory hoarding but by a structure of some architectural interest and appositeness to the riverside vista. Nelson Pier will go (Rodney, downstream, must surely remain: now that we have a regular river-bus service it will provide a useful water approach to the Festival Hall and other buildings that will eventually neighbour it), but I hope the pontoon between Nelson and the embankment proper can be kept, with its modest cafeteria, jutting out pleasantly into the Thames and breaking the rigid line of the waterfront. The only "inland" building in the upstream section likely to remain awhile is the station gate, with its several offices, on which British European Airways have cast covetous eyes.

Downstream from Hungerford Bridge the promenade continues, and here again there is everything to be said for keeping the raised platforms hanging over the tideway in what was the Seaside section (they proved very popular as viewing points), and substituting for the exhibits something that retains a seaside atmosphere, possibly small shops or kiosks set back under the wall of the Concert Hall terrace. At the extreme end comes the Thames-side Restaurant where it curves sharply under the arch of Waterloo Bridge. From the deck of this restaurant is to be had an incomparable view of the river with St. Paul's standing up on its hill—a view that almost since the time of Canaletto no Londoners but a few lightermen and brewers' draymen have had the privilege to see. If this restaurant can be preserved London will be the richer. Personally I hope the L.C.C. will also retain the lighting installations along the waterfront and the lighthouse at the top of the Shot Tower, which became such a feature of London's night-sky this summer. They are likely to stand the area in good stead.

Inland from the downstream promenade most of the buildings will come down, with the probable exceptions of the Telekinema and of the Administration Block running parallel with Waterloo Road (in which the Council of Industrial Design is interested) and, less certainly, of the Lion and Unicorn, which the Arts Council would like as a gallery for loan exhibitions such as Paris has in the Orangerie, the Jeux des Paumes and the Chaillot Palace, but about which there are formidable difficulties. Almost the whole of the area bounded by these three buildings and the promenade now consists of land- and waterscapes left over from the Exhibition which could inexpensively be linked to make one spacious garden. With such comparatively simple adjustments South Bank could keep the reputation it has won and continue to attract a public until its more permanent development can begin. There is commercial sense in this. The more South Bank can be *used*, the more people can be enticed to the surroundings of the Concert Hall instead of leaving it to stare across the river in lonely and bewildered isolation, the better business it is likely to attract.

What else? Over 18,000,000 people will have been through the turnstiles of the Exhibitions and Pleasure Gardens—more than one in three of the population of the United Kingdom—and millions more will have seen the astonishingly rich and widespread variety of events spontaneously organised by well over 2,000 cities, towns and villages up and down the country. It is not unfair to say that in one way or another almost the whole community has been drawn into the orbit of the Festival. But the Festival of Britain was always intended to be, as Princess Elizabeth said, "not merely an end in itself but the beginning of many good things." What legacies will it leave behind? High among the intangibles I would place a quickened sense of community, and along with it the stimulus derived from such a unique assemblage at one time of national and regional traditions, possessions, skills. It is probable, also, that a good many local authorities have discovered that the Festival has opened new fields of creative initiative to replace responsibilities that have recently passed to other hands.

Of more tangible legacies there are many. Let me list a few, to begin with, in London alone. To start with the obvious ones—the rescue of the South Bank; a superb and much-needed new concert hall; a new river embankment, and four acres of valuable land reclaimed from the river bed. A large, permanent open space at the east end of St. Paul's, attractively laid out as gardens. The prospect, already mentioned, of permanent Pleasure Gardens at Battersea. A general "gaying-up" of streets and buildings with flowers, paint and illuminations—improvements which might well be repeated in summers to come, for they have an evident tourist value. Some permanent highway improvements, and Underground improvements too (both of these came out of the Festival's budget), as well as, I hope, some easing of London's chronic traffic problem as a result of the lessons learned by the police in their highly successful innovations this summer. I hope, for instance, the "ridie-talkie" motor-cycle police have come to stay. And why, in these days of rapid mechanical work, should not the experiment of suspending road repairs on central routes during the tourist months be continued? The best joke of the Festival was that, in a summer foretold as one of complete and final traffic chaos, the traffic flowed rather more smoothly than usual.

London traders must have done well out of the Festival. It will be surprising, too, if the Railway Executive, London Transport and the water-bus services do not register tidy additions to their revenues this summer. As for the tourist industry, those who like to pretend it has been a flop this year are not supported by the figures. The fact is that, despite disappointing numbers from America in the earlier part of the summer due to general if exaggerated fears about Europe, tourist traffic to Britain in 1951 has been even bigger than had been estimated. All in all, the capital of the Commonwealth has put itself on the map again as a city comparable with any in the contemporary world in terms of what it can offer in all-round attractions. In scope and variety the "London Season of the Arts" must stand virtually unrivalled.

All over the country, in small ways or larger, communities can boast of permanent improvements, from a humble but much-needed bus shelter for the school-children of a village to a new building, playing field or garden. Here are five out of hundreds: the superbly restored Assembly Rooms in York; an admirably equipped new arts centre in Inverness; Bristol's rebuilt Colston Hall; the restored and re-opened Guildhall in King's Lynn; the Drake Museum established at Buckland Abbey, Plymouth. New sculpture and painting, new music, ballet and opera, new poetry, new films were commissioned for the Festival, many of which will be added to the national repertory or find a permanent place in gallery, museum, university or school. British architecture and design have won a new esteem among foreigners, who appear to have recorded an astonished delight that the stodgy British can produce an unsuspected gaiety of style. The arts festivals too, following the bold lead of Edinburgh immediately after the war, have given Britain a new standing in the contemporary world of the arts—a fact, incidentally, of some commercial value in these hard times. It may be found, then, that the Festival of Britain has done a job after all.

GERALD BARRY

German Diary

I FOUND German audiences in Düsseldorf, Cologne, Bonn, Frankfurt and Hamburg, where I had been asked to speak about "The Socialist Experiment in Britain," reasonably interested in our "Welfare State." But what they really wanted to know was whether a new British Government would be more sympathetic to Western Union and the Schuman Plan. I told them that if the Conservatives won the election they could rely on a fine spate of Churchillian oratory about the historical unity of Western civilisation, but that I could not guarantee that the experts who had advised the Labour Party against allowing British economy to get too much mixed up in Europe would be any more accommodating or less influential under a Tory Government. They were not very surprised. They had already discovered that Britain is only half a European country. They swallowed the news that the European Movement and the future of Germany are not principal topics of the British election like experienced invalids taking a familiar medicine. In private I listened to a more serious complaint that the only real pressure toward Western unity was for "military integration"; that British Labour had sent no effective spokesman to the recent Hamburg Conference, and that Mr. Duncan Sandys had been left, unrebuked, to tell Germans that they ought to hurry to get armed because otherwise they would be overrun by the Russians and then obliterated by American bombs!

* * *

I was talking chiefly to professional and internationally minded people. They all shared my dismay at the speed with which the old Germany is returning. Little has been spent anywhere in the West on providing decent places for the workers to live. In Düsseldorf the houses of the rich have been rebuilt by private enterprise, and the big industrialists and trusts who put Hitler in power are simply taking over again as if nothing much had occurred between 1939 and 1945. In Frankfurt Marshall Aid has made it possible to build a vast luxury hotel and a restaurant of a splendour scarcely to be paralleled in Britain or France. I believe there is now to be less concentration on building cinemas, hotels, restaurants and banks, because there are other even more profitable demands for steel. The Old Soldiers' organisations are reviving just as they did in the 1920s. General Friessner may make a political speech explicitly justifying Hitler's attack on Poland, and be publicly rebuked for doing so, but no one imagines that the Generals will not offend again. If the new Germany discovers a new Rathenau, I have no doubt that he, too, will be murdered.

* * *

The cynicism bred amongst the young people in Germany fulfils prophecy about the effects of Hitler's Nihilism. We fought a desperate war to defeat armed Germany; we declared a policy of de-nazification in a thousand pamphlets and from a thousand platforms; we shouted that Germany must repent of her aggression, and that Goebbels was lying when he said that we should be in alliance with Germany against Russia. We urged German youth to put aside militarism and power politics, and to turn its mind to the arts of peace, to Christianity and the rule of law. Now, only six years after the war, the Western Allies are reviving for Germans the thesis of Hitler and Goebbels. The war criminals are again the war heroes. We are deliberately encouraging nationalism, and sounding the bugles for war against the East. A public argument is now proceeding in one area about whether the Horst Wessel song shall again be permitted. I have in front of me a press photograph of jack-booted West Berlin police, marching by way of final demonstration, at the Western Festival; they copied, no doubt, the Communist *Bereitschaften*, but they look to the superficial eye much like S.S. troopers. I heard people arguing about whether the Generals, who have always been a State within a State in Germany, will in the end fight for the West, or again, as often in the past, favour a less dangerous alliance with the U.S.S.R. The whole weight of Western propaganda upon German youth is now to suggest that Hitler after all was right; that they should discard their post-war pacifism and search in the attic for father's old steel helmet. For what precisely—will Mr. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, General Eisenhower, or anyone else, tell me?—did so many people die in the last war?

* * *

The chief sign of grace that has yet come from official post-war Germany is Adenauer's statement about the Jews. This is a sign of grace even if we suspect that the object is to pacify certain rich and influential persons in New York. Whatever the motives, it is important that the Chancellor should admit that his country's government was responsible for the blackest crime in recorded history—is there any other case of six million unarmed and un-

offending people being put to death in cold blood?—and that he should make some small but practical offer of reparation. It was a good idea to lessen the danger and the burden of Israel by offering to help to solve the refugee problem, which is the principal barrier to peace between Israel and Jordan.

* * *

The often-made charge that Nazi sympathisers are finding their way back into important public positions has never been so effectively and dramatically made as in five articles that appeared in the first week of September in the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, which is an independent, rather Left-of-Centre daily. Names and details were given of members of the Foreign Office, including some representatives of the Bonn Republic abroad, who are alleged to have occupied important positions under Ribbentrop; some are said to have been carrying on undesirable activities since the war. The articles criticised several high appointments in the Foreign Office, as well as mentioning a whole number of ambassadors, consuls and staff members of the diplomatic school. The Foreign Office first vehemently denied the accusations and then had to agree to a disciplinary investigation. I hear that the author of the articles is Michael Mansfeld, a free-lance journalist in Wiesbaden, and I gather that it is now generally known that he took immense pains to gather accurate material and that he has by no means yet exhausted his supply. The point on which most speculation turns now is what Dr. Adenauer will do about the Foreign Office if there proves to be any substantial measure of truth in these accusations; in that case he will scarcely be able to trust his officials to support him in his own policy—which is not Nazi, but close alliance with the Vatican and Washington in building a group of clerical Western European States.

* * *

The Grotewohl offer was at first treated by Dr. Adenauer and the State Department merely as a bit of propaganda to be brushed aside. Dr. Schumacher, whose nationalism wins him favour from anti-Americans as well as from anti-Russians, saw in the proposals the chance of a big step towards German unity without war. I understand that Mr. McCloy, the American High Commissioner, told the State Department that the offer could not be rejected. Dr. Adenauer was in fact compelled by combined public opinion in Germany to send a constructive reply with fourteen conditions. These were worked out, I learn, by an able group of men with special experience of the Eastern Zone. Their headquarters is in Frankfurt, and their leader is Helmut Külz. The most controversial of the fourteen points was the demand that the elections should be held under international supervision. In talking to C.D.U. and Social Democratic Deputies in Bonn, I did not find that the rejection of this condition by Grotewohl was regarded as at all final. On the contrary, I met a great deal of optimism about Russian readiness, at the price of holding up German rearmament, to give up the Soviet sector of Germany if necessary. No one had any doubt that general elections would produce a huge anti-Communist majority, or that the Social Democrats' chances would be far better if there were free elections in Thuringia and Saxony; and that the C.D.U. would break into its component parts rather as the similar M.R.P. has done in France. It is only to be expected therefore that Dr. Adenauer will do his best to prevent negotiations for a unified Germany succeeding, and I was not surprised when the question of the Oder-Neisse line was raised. Obviously, Russia will only think it worth while to pay the price of evacuating Eastern Germany if there is some guarantee that Germany will be "neutralised," or at least that rearmament will be prevented (under the Austrian solution, or some variant), and that the enlarged and unified Germany will not then receive support for a campaign to regain Breslau and Königsberg. The French, who find enough danger in the prospect of even a rearmed Western Germany, will agree with the Russians that a unified militant Germany would be even more dangerous than a partitioned one. Meanwhile, in the midst of these discussions the one really important thing is allowed to go by default. If the old military Germany, based on the class structure and private ownership of the Ruhr, is given its head, then, sooner or later, the West and the East can be played off against each other and the way prepared for the third world war for a German Europe.

* * *

The five-year-old son of English friends of mine who have been in Germany since the war does not know whether he is talking English or German. Someone had told him that God was responsible for the weather. When the next day it was still raining, he said to his mother: "I've gebetet and gebetet and still that damned God sends schlechtes Wetter."

CRITIC

OFF THE AIR

The talk on "Having a Baby" will not be broadcast because of its political implications.—News item.

It's no good twiddling the knob, baby,
With your teeny, tiny hand,
For the Talk on Having a Baby, baby,
Your Uncle Haley has banned . . .
You must try to understand.

The broadcast has been withdrawn, baby,
Till after the polling date;
You might be a Party pawn, baby,
And sway the electorate
As a tot of the Welfare State.

You're just political dynamite, laddie,
In Uncle Haley's view,
He thinks your Mummy and Daddy, laddie,
Might change their point of view
If the Baby talk went through.

To everyone born alive, baby,
Good fairies three choices give,
So you're either a Labour baby, maybe,
Or a Liberal (if they live)
Or a little Conservative.

It's never too soon to learn, sweetie,
It's never too soon to prepare,
But Parties all take their turn, sweetie,
And all have an equal share,
So Babies are off the air.

Uncle Haley is playing the game, baby,
So don't twiddle the knobs and cry—
You want to know how you came, baby?
They'll tell you by and by
Just how you came, and why.

SAGITTARIUS

"Days of Destiny"

THE "days of our destiny" are rapidly approaching. The phrase was coined by M. René Mayer, the Minister of Finance, a few days after his return from the Conference at Ottawa. The results of Ottawa were disappointing, to say the least. President Truman's proposal that the N.A.T.O. countries be given $2,500 million of economic aid in the coming year was whittled down by Congress to about half, and American aid will chiefly take the form of ready-made armaments. Meantime, the European countries are expected to step up their own rearmament in a big way. How much will France be expected to spend? Some 800,000 million francs, a trillion, or more? Nobody can yet say. The war in Indo-China alone is reckoned to cost close on a thousand million francs a day. And prices in France are going up, and up, and up. M. Courant, the Minister of the Budget, announced the other day, in a moment of indiscretion, that France's expenditure in 1952 would amount to at least 3,500 milliard francs, and that she was therefore faced with a deficit of 1,400 milliard francs! A current wisecrack to-day is that a French Finance Minister can qualify only by first graduating in astronomy and astrology.

These troubles are not common to France; one feels that the French press these days derives a certain melancholy satisfaction in bemoaning similar—or worse—troubles in Britain, with the implication "We're in a damnable mess, but just *look* at the English!" The common view is, of course, that if Mr. Attlee decided on an Election, it was because in Britain, too, "days of destiny" were in the offing.

Only there is a difference: France already had her election in June, and the Parliament that emerged from it has proved so incoherent and unmanageable so far that no big decisions at all could be taken during its session in September. Only two significant votes were taken—one, granting State subsidies to religious schools, which had the immediate effect of smashing the precarious "Third Force" majority that had emerged from the election, and creating an *ad hoc* majority including the Gaullists; and the other, by the overwhelming majority of 410 votes to 200, applying the sliding scale to wages. At this point the Government gave up. It asked that it be given time to reflect, and that the National Assembly go on holiday till the first week in November. M. Edgar Faure, the Minister of Justice, declared the sliding scale "a piece of insanity," and the vote instituting it an example of the worst type of party demagogy. "We can't turn inflation into a permanent institution!" he exclaimed. Having sent the Bill to the Senate, the Government hopes to kill it when it comes up for its second reading.

But whether "permanent" or not, inflation is to-day a daily institution in France. To keep general discontent within reasonable limits, at least during the present period of "waiting" and "reflection," the Government agreed to raise the minimum wage by 15 per cent. to 20,000 francs a month; Government officials' wages have been stepped up 12 per cent.—at the cost of 135,000 million francs a year; and practically all through French industry in the last

month wages have been put up between 12 and 15 per cent., and in some cases even more.

But in terms of real wages it means very little. How much the cost of living has really gone up in the last six months is almost impossible to say. The employers', the Government's and the trade unions' figures are all different; but 15 per cent. seems a conservative estimate. Only the matter does not end there. The readiness with which the employers increased wages (this readiness, it is true, was also stimulated by clear signs that all the trade unions were getting together for "united action", a matter on which we are likely to hear a good deal more in coming weeks) was, of course, largely due to their knowledge that they were not losing much, since prices on everything were going up very rapidly. Indeed, no sooner had the new wages been fixed than the Government announced a 22 per cent. increase in the price of steel, and a 20 per cent. increase in that of French coal; gas and electricity have gone up; the price of cars will be put up, and all basic foodstuffs are rapidly rising. Few are the people in Paris to-day who have managed to buy a pound of sugar in the last week; shops and wholesalers have "frozen" their stocks in anticipation of a prospective 15 or 20 per cent. rise in price.

For the third time in little more than a year newspapers have put up their prices—an ordinary paper now costing 15 francs (3½d.), the *Monde* 18 francs, and the Paris *Herald-Tribune* 30 francs! Maybe tourists don't mind paying sevenpence for their *Tribune*, but for the ordinary Frenchman to pay sevenpence for one morning and one evening paper seems outrageous. Especially among publishers of the smaller *journaux d'opinion*, which stand for real intellectual freedom in France and which are threatened with bankruptcy owing to the exorbitant cost of newsprint (now nearly a shilling a pound), feeling is strong against the Government, whose "subsidies" to the paper trade have done the newspapers no good, and against the "anti-social" waste of newsprint in the United States, which is held responsible for throttling in Europe those papers which have no big financial interests behind them to see them through.

However, newspapers seem the Government's least worry. Among a thousand other worries there is, owing to increased fares and higher wages, the mounting deficit of the railways to cope with. Yet already transport costs in France are extremely high.

When it is argued that France's salvation will be in "higher production" and higher exports, the obvious answer is that exports are not all that easy to expand, and that dollars are needed for raw materials. The one million tons of coal recently "granted" to French industry by the U.S. will have to be paid for in dollars, and more dearly than French coal. Many, and not only Communists, have been made to wonder whether East-West trade, now almost at a standstill, cannot be developed.

Pep talks from Eric Johnston and growls from American generals do not help much meantime. "Decisions" will have to be taken when the Assembly meets again in November. But what Government, and what majority, will take them? There is talk—vague talk—about all sorts of things that may—or may not—be decided. "Austerity" is the word recurring more and more frequently. Eric Johnston is said to have told the French that the U.S. was also going in for austerity—which, of course, only made the French laugh—rather grimly, with their *per capita* income about one-third that of America. There has even been talk of rationing—a word inseparable in the French mind from "black market." And there's also talk about putting up conscription from 18 months to two years—even though, according to reliable reports, the existing conscripts are but poorly equipped.

But, above all, who is going to take the "decisions" which would wipe out, or, at any rate, greatly reduce the budget deficit of 1,400 thousand million francs? The general political trend in Europe may be of decisive importance. The result of the British election is bound to have the most far-reaching repercussions here. A Tory victory would create a "climate" eminently suitable to a Gaullist or near-Gaullist Government. But, whoever is in power, he will have to make grim financial decisions. And this will be all the more difficult as there is great scepticism amongst *all* parties about any possible measures providing a lasting solution to France's—and Europe's—ills, short of a real East-West *détente*, a slowing-down of rearmament and a revival of some degree of confidence.

In theory, drastic financial and fiscal reforms are possible in France—if only to wipe out *part* of the deficit: higher rates of the existing taxes, stricter fiscal control and—above all—an extension of heavy taxation to the peasantry. But the peasants are largely the clients of the Right-wing Parties; and there are many other political snags of the same kind. Politically, there are three possibilities: a Centre-Right coalition, complete with the Gaullists—which would, sooner or later, lead to a quasi-dictatorial regime, economically not very different from Franco Spain—if the French working class will allow it; the reconstitution—through the burying, by the M.R.P. and the Socialists, of their respective clerical and *laique* hatchets—of a Third-Force majority; and, finally, a new Election. This also has been talked about as a serious possibility. But if French democracy is to survive, the second solution seems, at the moment, the only possible one. Only, as the Socialists, through M. Christian Pineau, put it, it is no use squeezing France too hard.

> To demand from France an effort the accomplishment of which would make her more vulnerable even than if she refused to do anything is short-sighted. I don't think Frenchmen should quarrel about the choice of solutions, all of them equally impossible. They must do their best in every direction [rearmament, as well as economic revival and financial reform], but their partners must realise with what terrible dangers France will be threatened if reasonable limits are exceeded.

Only there is a question wortying a great many Frenchmen to-day; and that is whether the United States—by its present "squeeze"—is not knowingly helping the Right and the Gaullists into power. And, should there be a Tory victory in Britain, it'll become even easier. But what kind of Europe will *that* be?!

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, October 8.

The Election in Lancashire

"THE electorate is united in only one thing," a candidate of much experience said to me this week; "it dislikes elections." Perhaps in Lancashire that is truer than anywhere else; a mixture of stolidity and cynicism chills the purveyor of what Mr. Churchill calls the "bickerings and clatter of lively electioneering." But the candidate added: "All the same, they want an election now." True again; the landlord of an Oldham pub amplified the point: "We want a lot as can carry on without reckoning to be turned out every five minutes." In this yearning for stable government, allied to the natural desire for a change and the feeling that Labour has had a "fair run," lies the Opposition's chance. People I have seen believe in the possibility or likelihood of a workable Conservative majority. The alternative appears as another stalemate, for few believe that Labour's majority can be raised to a safe level. The reason? Too many of Labour's campaigners, here in Lancashire, do not believe it themselves; and you cannot communicate a faith unless you hold it.

Lancashire is the marginal county, proud of the attention it is receiving as the decisive battleground. Summarised in an arbitrary way, the position is this. The county returns 63 members. Labour has 19 safe seats (majority last year over 5,000), 13 vulnerable seats (majority 1–5,000), seven marginal seats (majority under 1,000). The Conservatives have 14 safe, eight vulnerable, and two marginal seats. Add that twelve Labour seats were won on a minority vote, and you can see what there is to worry about.

The electoral picture of a region derives from its social and industrial character. Except in the mining seats of Wigan and Ince, and the division of Liverpool where the dockers live, there are none of those huge Labour majorities, representing great blocks of workers employed by single undertakings and united in a comradeship that spills over into politics from trade unionism and everyday life, which one finds in Tyneside, South Wales or the West Riding. Cotton, the dominant industry, is built up of many small and few large firms; the worker often sees his boss every day, sometimes has savings invested in the business. But cotton is not the only industry, and in Bury, for instance, it is hardly in the picture; there is a patchwork of engineering, wood-working, paint-making and "gadget" enterprises. Finally, Liverpool and Manchester are great commercial and distributive centres; the Labour Movement, in its industrial or its political aspect, finds it hard to get hold of the one van driver of A., Ltd., or the switchboard girl at B. & Co.

Still, they are all workers; and that, for the southerner like myself, is the puzzle. We are used to London, where the working-class votes broadly Labour and the middle class Liberal or Tory, where the shading on *The Times* map of election results changes neatly with the L.C.C. boundary; we know that Lancashire is full of grimy factory towns, and we suppose that—barring the few farming seats and the seaside resorts—it should be a Labour fortress. We go there; we peer through dirty tram windows at monotonous miles of tiny, dilapidated brick houses; we consult the electoral record of the place and find that it returned last year either a Labour member with a majority of eight hundred, or else a Conservative. And then we discover two things. First, that each of these towns, though they look alike, is a highly individual

entity. Second, that the Tory working-man up here is sadly far from mythical; that every Labour vote has to be won by argument on current issues, not assumed, as in the coal or steel areas, from class solidarity.

Lancashire voters are independent, unpredictable, and as intelligent as any. Why did Mossley give Sir Austen Hopkinson thumping majorities for a score of years and then lose him his deposit? Why was Ashton the only division in Britain to increase its Labour poll in 1931? I don't know, and people who live there said they didn't know either. Beyond the normal political conflicts, much depends on local issues—above all in Liverpool, whose annual Council elections are contested with vivid excitement; much on the personality of a candidate, and on where he comes from; much on the wooing of various categories of religious votes.

I shan't be giving aid and comfort to the enemy when I say that the Conservatives will win some of the twenty vulnerable Labour seats. Nobody claims that there is a landslide toward Labour, and in a close election, and with local factors important, there must be losses. That would not matter if there were compensating gains. It is my researches in the divisions which Conservatives hold by slender majorities that depress me. Any of the ten can be won—but only by a party sure of its cause, on the attack, with a tip-top organisation and its belly full of fire. That description is far from fitting the Labour Parties in these seats.

Far and away the first thing in voters' minds is the cost of living. Housewives—and their men—are angry about it, and angry about the Government index, which many seem to think this Government invented. Labour spokesmen often give remote or "iffy" excuses: it depends on world events, it's worse in France or America, it would be worse under the Tories. All very true, but the only way to head off thousands of protest votes is to be able to say plainly: "We have a plan to bring prices down."

The other dangerous issue—Lancashire folk were always more internationally minded than their cousins across the Pennines—is Persia. Many, many people have been hit where it hurts, in their national pride; it's no use dodging it, and worse than no use making jokes about it. "Britain was once Great—to-day she is kicked around," say the Tory posters. The man at the bench or the loom responds to that cry. We on the Left were glad enough that he did respond when we were fighting Chamberlain; and if we think the cry is raised dishonestly now, we must find a counter-cry. "What would you have done?" isn't enough, I've seen. There is distress in the minds of Labour supporters, and over the pints of beer and the great squat tea-cups the inquest that must follow the election (win or lose) has already begun. "It'd ha' been all right," said a Liverpool railwayman, "if we said straight out the Persians had a right to their oil, but we didn't. We went on the Tory road, but we hadn't the guts to make a job of it. Now we've nothing to fight them on."

Yet the one Labour weapon that is new since 1950 may end by out-ranging all the Tory artillery. This time Labour is fighting fair and square on a peace platform; silenced, in all but a few places, is the old argument that "our voters don't care about foreign policy," which enabled Mr. Churchill to steal the dove while its rightful owner was bathing. A huge poster outside Mrs. Braddock's committee rooms asks: "Dare you risk war by voting Tory?" Labour's decision to exploit the well-nigh universal will for peace has infuriated the Tories. In private or in talking to reporters, as well as in speeches and in their press they show that the thing has got right under their skin. Logically, there is nothing surprising in a party believing and saying that its policy is more likely to avert war than that of its opponents. The claim is of the very stuff of principled politics, and was continually made by both sides in the 'Thirties. When Tories complain of its revival, one can only comment that they have been spoiled by the bi-partnership of the Bevin period.

Be that as it may, Lancashire has shown me that a Labour victory, if it comes, will be due above all to the playing of this card, and to the electorate's reflective answer to the question, now becoming famous, "Whose hand on the trigger?" The places where I found Labour in good heart were those where the member seeking re-election had steadily emphasised world events and argued that safety will not come through arms alone. The one place where I found the Conservatives seriously worried was where their candidate had committed the indiscretion of saying that £4,700 million for arms was not enough.

I was told in several towns, but especially in Liverpool, that the trade unions are far more alive than last year to the gravity of the election, and are working vigorously and effectively. This vital work, done in the factory and by the quayside, is something the reporter doesn't see. Heaven knows it is needed, to make up for the half-deserted committee rooms in side streets, hung with old posters or bare of any. For the tired, routine methods on which too many agents rely. For dull speeches endlessly embroidering old themes, evoking pre-war memories meaningless to thousands of young voters, churning out the argument, basically true but inadequate and almost irrelevant when thinking workers see munition orders piling up, that Toryism means dole queues. For the deadening assumption that "there's bound to be a swing," that "we'll hold East, but West'll likely go."

I started by saying that each Lancashire town is individual. So is each divisional Labour Party. Some, full of hope and spirit, led on by an exceptional personality as candidate, agent or chairman, are beacons in a too widespread darkness; they give grounds for cheer both about this election and about Labour's future. There is still time before polling day—and it cannot be done by Lancashire alone—to kindle more beacons.

MERVYN JONES

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

The difficulties of administering a bequest of £6,000 left by the founder of a well-known group of hotels for the benefit of teetotal tailors in necessitous circumstances were considered by the First Division of the Court of Session in Edinburgh to-day.—*The Times.* (E. St. Aubyn Glynn.)

British civil aircraft must now seek permission from the United States Air Force if they wish to land at certain places in Britain.—*Manchester Guardian.* (C. E. Beyts.)

Ambrose Charles Reynolds, 28-year-old labourer, who was gaoled for three years at Newcastle Assizes yesterday for robbery with violence, pleaded that he only hit a woman because he thought she was his wife.—*Newcastle Journal & North Mail.* (J. Philipson.)

A man under statutory supervision as a mental defective has joined the Forces and been made a corporal, says a report of the special services after-care sub-committee of Birmingham Education Committee.—*News Chronicle.* (R. N. Mann.)

So They Say . . .

"A MAGNIFICENT opportunity for mud-slinging at the start of the general election campaign," commented the *Manchester Guardian*, as the arrival of the last Britons from Persia over the week-end stirred the Tory press to their most partisan use of the oil crisis. "Reporters are standing by with notebooks to greet men and women arriving from Abadan as if they were visiting film stars," added the *Guardian*.

The result of these solicitous interviews appeared in flaring headlines on Friday. ABADAN: "OH, THE PITY OF IT!"—SHAMEFUL, HUMILIATING, SAY FIRST WOMEN TO LAND IN LONDON, proclaimed the *Daily Mail*. It carried a story headed: 'NOW PERSIANS LAUGH AT US—by Mrs. Vera Flavell (who chased a Persian tank in her front garden)." The *Daily Graphic* headline read: THEY KICKED US OUT—OIL MEN'S ANGER. OIL MEN GIVE LIE TO MR. MORRISON—'WOULD HAVE STAYED AS LONG AS WANTED,' were the *Daily Telegraph* headlines.

By Saturday the stories were said to have had their designed effect. GREAT CLASH OVER ABADAN—EVACUATION BECOMES FIRST BIG ISSUE OF THE ELECTION, ran the *Daily Mail* headlines. MR. MORRISON ROUSES OIL MEN'S ANGER—'GOVERNMENT LET US DOWN BADLY,' said the *Telegraph*, interviewing one oil man who spoke of the "tissue of lies and fantastic nonsense" that "that frightful man Morrison" had been telling the British people. But Mr. Morrison's statement that, after consultation with the company, the men had been withdrawn because their position had become intolerable was also given prominence.

A confirmatory statement by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, however, received far less publicity in Tory Sunday newspapers. *Reynold's News* made this its lead story: OIL COMPANY: WE GAVE OUR O.K. TO QUIT PERSIA. OIL MEN ARE ANGRY—THEY DID NOT ASK TO BE BROUGHT HOME, insisted Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Chronicle*, without mentioning the Anglo-Iranian statement. ROSS OF ABADAN TELLS FULL HUMILIATING STORY: EXCLUSIVE, announced the *Sunday Express*—without the company statement. LOSS OF ABADAN SWALLOWS UP ALL OUR EXPORT DRIVE, stated the *Sunday Graphic*—with no Anglo-Iranian statement. A NEW PERSIAN SCANDAL, cried the *Sunday Dispatch*, with an obscure footnote briefly quoting the Anglo-Iranian statement.

On Monday fresh ammunition was provided by a long and carefully documented attack on the Government handling of the negotiations by the *Manchester Guardian*, which had obtained a copy of the last set of Persian proposals.

OIL: SECRET NOTE SENSATION, stated the *Daily Express*, claiming that there might be a "serious personal issue between Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison" over the question who ordered the Persian proposals to be rejected. But Mr. Attlee, on his election tour, refused to be drawn into public argument, and on Tuesday the Egyptian problem took the place of the Persian in the headlines. (*Daily Herald*: "Without a doubt the Tories' election propaganda caused the Egyptians to think: 'We can afford to take a chance . . .'") One eyebrow-raising editorial comment in the *Daily Mail* (which called Persia "the biggest blow to Britain—great wars apart—since the loss of the American colonies") may be worth preserving:

> Mary Tudor said that, when she died, the word "Calais" would be found written across her heart. When . . . Clement Attlee comes to his end, surely the word "Abadan" will be written if not on his heart then upon some other part of his anatomy . . .

This passage must create a new record low in British journalism.

AUTOLYCUS

MECHANISATION

IN these days 'mechanisation' has, for most of us, but one meaning — the substitution of the oil-driven tractor or lorry for the horse or mule-drawn vehicle. But mechanisation depends on rubber as well as petrol, for without rubber in some form or other petrol cannot function efficiently. The most successful engine is disastrously handicapped unless rubber is available not only for tyres and treads but also for the hundred-and-one rubber parts in engine and chassis. Have you ever pondered the amazing increase in the life of the motor tyre? No farther back than 1920 you were well satisfied with a tyre that stood up for 5,000 miles. During the past 20 years or so the average mileages have been trebled: long and satisfactory service is accepted as a matter of course by private car owners, commercial vehicle users and coach and bus operators. These astonishing developments could not have been achieved without the work of British organic chemists, who are constantly adding to the range of products used by the rubber manufacturing industry. Chief among these are what are known as accelerators and anti-oxidants. The use of the former means that the rubber manufacturer can construct tyres of increasing strength and of greater resistance to abrasion. The presence in the rubber of small quantities of special anti-oxidants delays the action of flex-cracking. Just as mechanisation depends on the rubber manufacturer, so he in his turn depends upon the organic research chemist.

ICI

Books for School

WHY did "the whining schoolboy with his satchel and shining morning face," creep so unwillingly to school? I strongly suspect it had a good deal to do with the sort of book he carried in that satchel. To judge from survivals, his books weighed heavily enough; but the poor boy must have found their contents unconscionably heavier. Being the preserve of an élite and carried on at first in Norman French and then in Latin, education in this country was from the start largely divorced from the workaday world. One of the earliest schoolbooks in English about English appeared as late as 1553. It was the same *Arte of Rhetorique* by Sir Thomas Wilson that Shakespeare used to compose Don Armado's letter in *Love's Labour Lost*. It might reasonably have made the most willing of boys unwilling. There soon followed books to cover Writing, Arithmetic and Geometry; but for many generations the great majority were still Latin and Greek primers and texts.

By modern standards the ruck of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century textbooks was still ludicrously bad: unimaginatively produced and weighed down with endless moralising and fussy academic niceties entirely remote from everyday life. No wonder Thomas Sheridan complained in 1769 that the sole end of existing education was to turn out Latin and Greek scholars, whereas he believed that the true end ought to be to make good men and good citizens. But very slowly, now here, now there, we see tiny holes being driven into the deadweight of textbook dullness. When Mr. Arnold Muirhead organised for the National Book League its Exhibition of the English at School he was able to show for 1684 *The Child's Delight together with an English Grammar* by Thomas Lye; for 1756 the seventh edition of *A Pretty Book for Children*; for 1802 *A Grammatical Game in Rhyme*; and for 1830 *The Infant's Grammar, or a Picnic Party*. These were undoubtedly rare exceptions, but the movement away from books that must be read at the end of the birch towards books that the pupil would read of his own accord had begun.

The movement was to be stimulated by the production of increasingly attractive children's books on the general market. Though from academic inertia school books lagged well behind, some of the features insisted on creeping into the textbooks, so that teaching by jingle and picture, the use of diagrams and coloured maps to simplify the text, the introduction of pleasant bindings and an inviting page format came gradually to be regarded as things worth aiming at in school publications.

Probably a more potent stimulus came from the special practices of the Infant school, whence so many of our enlightened educational movements have sprung. With the passing of the Education Act of 1870, even the stickiest diehard could not fail to see that specially attractive material must be provided if a real attack on the illiteracy of the very young was to be attempted. The reading primer as we know it to-day is largely a product of this Act. Each reader was carefully graded to suit the pupil's age, and from the outset this miscellaneous collection of prose and verse was enlivened with illustrations and printed with some regard for the immature eye. Such books originated in America. In this country a new high level of school book production was established with the publication in 1922 of the *Beacon Infant Readers*, modelled on an American series.

But let us not suppose that all was now accomplished. The revolution was under way but meeting very heavy weather. As recently as 1935 the late R. D. Morss, then Managing Director of the publishing house responsible for the *Beacon Readers*, was crying out that "for far too long has the schoolbook been valued largely in proportion to the amount of erudite academic matter that could be congealed between its covers, rather than as the constructive tool of an education that aims at preparing the child for life in an active modern world." As a consequence, generation after generation of children had left school with a deep aversion from the very sight of a book, equated as it was in their minds with the dreary, arid, humourless textbook handed out to them in its shabby, dog-eared condition at school.

Morss was uttering the same cry as Sheridan and Milton before him. Let us bring education into close and sensible relation to the realities of life, so that instead of hiding itself in a corner remote from the throbbing pulse of the crowd, culture becomes part of that pulse; and because books are a most powerful instrument in building a culture, let us make books above all so attractive that the child, no matter how drab or limited his background, will regard them with delight, will find his interest aroused and will be sent scampering eagerly along the path to real education and culture, as one of the crowd.

Against this view it was hotly argued, and still is argued, that you cannot get education the easy way and that books that sugar the educational pill are doing education a disservice by undermining the standards of scholarship. The answer should be simple and emphatic. Those of us who have aimed at full education, rather than at stuffing a few more or less meaningless facts into a child's head, know that the book packed with academic facts *in vacuo*, far from being the work of a real scholar, is little more than the compilation of a third-rate hack. The genuine work of scholarship in school textbooks is the making of a book that is at one and the same time lively, palatable, æsthetically pleasing and intellectually sound.

What progress has been made towards this ideal since Morss was writing *The Neglected Schoolbook*? The impetus has continued to come mainly from the enlightened pioneering of the Infant schools, but alongside this there has, in more recent years, been another potent force at work. Partly as a result of the revelation of illiteracy in the armed forces during the Second World War, the public has been awakened to the unquestionable fact that compulsory education is not enough, that there is a large section of the child population that is ineducable by the traditional means. Every teacher worth his salt had in fact known this for generations, but was forced by the conditions of the classroom to do little or nothing about it. When the position was at last given official recognition, the economic way was made clear for a few steps to be taken in the right direction. One of these steps was the production of textbooks that by their specially simple, bold, pleasing qualities would enable the, till now, intellectually unregenerate to get a grip in the world of letters. Authors, teachers and publishers were not slow to realise from the success of these books that many of their features could well be used to improve books for the not so backward pupil.

A third important influence has been the progressive publisher. Morss's own firm was already publishing before the war books so good that I have known numbers of children ask for them as birthday presents. The publishers of Ballard's *Fundamental English* also led the way with a series which, though for cheapness' sake an inferior production, was in its day a revelation of how interesting a traditionally dull subject could become. Other publishers were encouraged to follow suit, and since the war the standard schoolbook has rapidly improved all round. Beginning with the sumptuous *Janet and John Infant Readers* and the sensitively written, delightfully produced *Wide Range Readers*, I could to-day fill half a column with the titles of schoolbooks that any average child might be inclined to walk into a shop and buy for himself.

Does this mean that all is now well with schoolbooks? Standards have improved, certainly, and though there are many dry and drab out-of-date books still in print, these can reasonably be expected to fall out when those elderly teachers who cling to the old and familiar finally retire. Yet there are in existence in our schools piles of books that through prolonged use have become so grimy, tattered and unhygienic that any self-respecting parent would long ago have stuffed them into the kitchen boiler. It is here that the damage is done. To the child mind, books are friends or enemies. Any book that does not come to him in a friendly way will set up an unreasoning resistance to reading that will last for years. To associate the word "book" with the idea of something dismal or forbidding is to harm the growing mind most grievously. A civilisation that tolerates the use of ugly, soiled schoolbooks is nipping its own culture in the bud.

Is ours such a civilisation? Teachers don't hand out dismal books for the fun of it. It rejoices the heart of every teacher to be able to give out bright new books. Ideally they would like to be able to give a new book to each child, and when the book has been finished, instead of keeping it for a dozen years for a dozen other children,

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they would like to be able to say: "Take it home, and put it on your own shelf and treasure it as you have done at school." How far we are from realising this ideal! In 1948-49 the average allowance per head for books in the primary schools of England and Wales was 3s. 8d., or rather less than 1 per cent. of the money spent on that branch of education. It is just enough to buy one new book per child per year, when the child probably studies eight or nine subjects and should have access to books on many other topics.

To make matters worse, every publisher or author on top of his job knows that, good though his books are, he could produce much better ones if the schools could afford to buy them. As one correspondent recently stated in *The Times Educational Supplement*, "this low average expenditure is clogging the whole development of schoolbooks along the lines they should go. Every publisher knows how many times he has to turn down a really first-rate scheme merely because he realises that, however much the schools may need it, they will never be able to requisition it." Now on top of this comes the dire news that this year the price of textbooks will have increased by 20 or 30 per cent. to keep pace with rising costs. When so much could so easily be achieved, the situation looks tragically desperate. The author of *The Neglected Schoolbook* ended his article in 1935 with these words: "Shall we now grasp the opportunity of making books so compellingly attractive that the child mind shall have the cultivation it requires and deserves?" That question has still to be put.

RONALD RIDOUT

Beautiful Odd Fish

THEY inhabit a world of their own. You notice them in a recess by the window, where a shaft of sunlight penetrates: Zebras, Swordtails, Rosy Barbs, and a rarer specimen of Black Molly or Platy. There are fifty of them, more or less, the tiniest (born yesterday) a semolina grain with eyes and a tail, the largest a roving three-inch giant. These glinty strangers reveal an astonishing variety of colours as they approach, and the colour is volatile. For a passing moment the sun patch will rob them of vividness. They're no longer jewels; silver armour is pierced, electric-blue sheen shows its blood lining. A greenish semi-transparence has brought back homelier waters. "So you keep fish," remarks the visitor, moving in the direction of the tank. Then the light-switch is pressed. Delicately, extravagantly, the whole picture floods up or rather down, from its top lighting—yellow gravel, emerald foliage, white or pink rocks, and the fish yet again tinted with a pale golden translucency—a Douanier Rousseau in movement and depth.

That picture, while never changing its nature, rearranges itself from instant to instant. Within the confines—24 inches, say, by 12 by 15—the exquisitely painted figures are always coming and going, joining in schools, whisking off, chasing one another, looking out sideways, nosing, gliding, hovering, wriggling. The impression is one of idyllic employment. Many movements suggest a skating scene, with such a mingling of lackadaisical precision and smooth idleness, such figurings, but that here the evolutions are three-dimensional. A figure of eight stands on its head; the winning approach is down a moon-beam; speed merchants, having dazzled with their exploits, poise themselves negligently in space. The gracefulness which a pair of skates will bestow upon you or me (supposing we can employ them) comes to the fish from his element. Water resists, water buoys up; he lazes by right, and a spine quiver ending in the tail will twang him arrow-like wherever he may wish. Zebras, for example, those jersey-striped racers of the fish-tank, can dash round and round and in and out like mad greyhounds. They exchange ellipses for straight lines, and pull up dead: even their angularities please. It is not till sickness interferes with a most delicate sense of balance, consisting of ear-stones in sacs, that we realise how controlled and fine are the actions we take for granted. A mad Nijinsky is hardly a more lamentable sight than the fish gone groggy.

There are lulls but no pauses in the life of this warm, watery cubicle. Its behaviour is determined largely by the search for oxygen and food and by the sex-cycle of attraction, union, and birth. Plants supply oxygen, and are themselves sustained by the carbon-dioxide liberated by the fish; feeding includes small water fleas (the *daphnia* of our ponds), smaller brine-shrimps, worms white and red, and various commercial meals. The sex habits of tropical fish are both more urgent and more fanciful than one might expect. Millions of Rainbow fish (now known as Guppies, after their populariser, Dr. Plantaganet Lechmere Guppy) present an almost uninterrupted spectacle of the love chase, with the little rainbow-coloured male in pursuit, tail-waggling for the position from which he can dart in: a satisfaction, it would seem, always denied, yet in the year a pair of Guppies will proliferate some 800 young. By contrast the courtship of Swordtails is a duel, a flash of knitting needles. With Gouramis the male wraps himself round the female in a close embrace. Catfish tickle each other's necks. Rasboras mate in groups. Angel fish are faithful unto death.

Even more remarkable are the circumstances attending birth. Eggs may be glued in clusters on leaves, embedded in bubbles, carried in the mouth of the male, dropped between pebbles or into sediment on the tank floor, or placed above water and carefully splashed. Live-bearers hatch their young internally. The living fish, one of a hundred or two, will perhaps be born folded double, to straighten itself and seek an air bubble from the surface, if not eaten by parents or others on the way; for cannibalism presents no problem to creatures so multitudinous, though in many species the male will defend eggs from a fruitful and hungry spouse.

But not all the goings-on of the tropical aquarium are dictated by hunger and sex. Fish play. When they are well, they enjoy the free movement most natural to them, and there are antics that can come only from exuberance. One such antic is a dance in which the fish makes a series of lightning rolls or frisks along the gravel bed, rubbing first one flank and then the other, and giving the general effect of a stone at ducks-and-drakes that has suddenly become aware of its performance. Sensuousness is by no means absent from the fish world. To judge from their dances and courtships—movements quite as expressive as bird-song—they enjoy more contacts than we suppose. Their most acute sense is that of touch, and they feel distant objects by changes of pressure along a sensitive line running from nose to tail. I should say, from a brief idle observation, that the happy fish exults at least as much as the cat on the tiles, the sky-plumbing lark, the bat at twilight, or the seal juggling with a beach-ball.

Though captive, these delicate pigmies (few of whom can have known their native waters) introduce none of the pathos that usually haunts captivity. Their glass walls, against which they nose thoughtfully, and at times even in ecstasy

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seem to belong less to a prison than to some airily designed play-room. They look out, as into a foggy day. They don't know us. Boredom hasn't touched them, and danger hardly exists. They may have been bred in Stockwell and nourished in North Finchley—neither redolent of the Yangtse Kiang or the Amazon—and their bright water-world may be fantastically unlike nature, but given warmth, food, light, and air, they will thrive.

My own favourite is the Catfish (*Corydorus paleatus*). His speckly green-brown with mother-of-pearl lights obviously corresponds closely with some South American pebble ground, for it's his habit when surprised to lie quite still. Instinct persuades him that he is invisible. I look at him; he looks at me. But I can play at this waiting game too; and after a while, seeing no movement, he will resume his activity. All glitter and accoutrement, jangling (as it were) scales, barbels, and fins, he comes hurrying along the sands like some whiskered Chinese knight late for battle. He is plump. He stands on his head. He wriggles. What can he be up to? Digging for titbits, it seems. A bubble or two may escape him during these exertions, and suddenly he will fly to the surface himself, first making sure there's nobody looking, and *stealing* his mouthful of air, as though it were a cream bun at a window. To the other inhabitants of the aquarium he pays scant attention; they find him, though not disagreeable, too burly for playing tricks on. He can also—rare aptitude!—close his eye, and since his usual attitude is one of serious fuss varied by watchful immobility, the wink comes as a surprise.

Fish character, of course, goes largely by kind; and in a volume now republished* will be found hundreds of kinds almost as diverting to read about as to encounter. There is *Copeina*, already referred to, whose eggs are laid out of water, so that several days have to be spent in splashing them; *Anableps* has double eyes for seeing above and below the surface while swimming; *Pterois volitans*, waving tentacle fins, hypnotises its victims; the savage *Piranha* will bite lumps out of the hand that feeds; while many others, such as *Rivulus strigatus* and *Sheepshead Lebia*, attract by rumours of beauty. Fork-tailed Paradise Fish, Climbing Perch, Mud Springer, Fighting Fish and Croaking Fish seem no less fascinating than their names. Besides giving a lively, expert indication of all these (aided by photographs), Mr. Coates describes how the fish are collected and brought to market, and how best to keep them. His book is a good general guide. The lexicon on the subject, profuse in knowledge and colour plates, is William T. Innes's *Exotic Aquarium Fishes*, obtainable here at £3 12*s.* 6*d.* Two magazines, *The Aquarist* and *Water Life*, keep a growing body of enthusiasts informed. Considered socially, the habit of keeping tropical fish falls somewhere between the once-popular fashion for budgerigars and the fancying of orchids. It is more exclusive than the first, livelier than the second.

What is their appeal? The dreamy, intent preoccupation of a universe in miniature, of live butterflies in a case, of a real ship in a bottle pitching through stormy seas. Where the Victorian glass paper-weight could feign a snow-storm, this prism perpetuates its make-believe. Its outdoors is our indoors: we can approach, we can hardly imagine such a bright, womb-like existence as this contained by water. It communicates its own lucidity of beauty and silence.

G. W. STONIER

**Tropical Fish as Pets.* By Christopher W. Coates. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Arts and Entertainment

CRITICS OF THE CRITICS

So curious a situation has arisen over the Arts Theatre play competition that I hope I may be forgiven for reopening the subject. The critics, it will be remembered, were for once unanimous: in different degrees they damned the chosen play, John Whiting's *Saint's Day*. Such unanimity is a rarity, for the critics are not a body: they are individuals with different tastes and standards of values, and, in the heterogeneous state of our culture, all writing for different kinds of public. The effect of their unanimity in this case was to provoke from some of the most distinguished people in the theatre a number of letters to the press protesting that on the contrary *Saint's Day* was a most interesting, stimulating, exciting, and original play. Among those who have signed in this sense have been Tyrone Guthrie, Peter Brook, John Gielgud, Peggy Ashcroft, Benn Levy and George Devine. And I think it is true to say that they were echoing the view of many others among actors and producers who are interested in serious theatre.

It is doubtless an excellent thing that the critics should sometimes be criticised for a change, but clearly it is hard to reconcile two sets of opinions when they are so extreme. "Indescribably bad," said *The Times*, which cannot be accused of illiberality in its judgments. "Remarkable . . . the product of a new and extraordinary theatrical mind," pronounced Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Peter Brook. Divergence of view is common, of course, especially about a work of great originality. And that may be the simple explanation here. It may be that no critic writing is capable of recognising originality when he sees it, while the distinguished persons listed above all can. But for my part I must be excused if I think that in this case the truth, as so often, lies somewhere in the middle of the extremes; and it seems to me a pity that theatre workers and critics should be left glaring across the fence at one another as if their only function was to be enemies, when this is not really so.

Of course there is always an underground animosity between the critics and the criticised; and this is likely to be more intense in the theatre world than in the world of, for example, books, because the theatre is a more social activity. The writer of a book must nurse to his lonely bosom such darts as critics shoot at him. But a stage production is a product of a group, and the dramatic critic in exercising his craft is pronouncing judgment upon the work of anything between ten and a hundred people at a time. If the criticism is laudatory, there are not as a rule many complaints. If it is hostile, then there are a large number of people gathered together who can mull over the unkind words and work up together their sense of grievance. And beyond that again the acting profession is emotionally closeknit in a way that the writing profession is not; a rude hit at one may be felt as a rude hit at all. Sympathy, irritation and dislike circulate in the long pipes of this central heating system and multiply and bubble. Every now and then they have a chance of exploding into opposition, and I can't help thinking that in the case of *Saint's Day* something like this has contributed.

All the same when I find so many people whose talents and gifts I respect ranged against me, I certainly wonder whether I didn't grossly underestimate the play. Doubtless with a like generosity the opposing party in a cooler moment, and reflecting upon the unanimity of a set of men who are by no means all fools, will consider the possibility of modified judgments. I certainly can't help hoping that Mr. John Whiting will not be encouraged *in the wrong direction* by his admirers, and will aim in his next play at something nearer his *Penny for a Song* than his *Saint's Day*. What the controversy suggests to me is this: that on the one side the critics underestimated the technical and theatrical merits of *Saint's Day*, being overwhelmed by the impact of the whole; while the stage people, responding to the evidently very considerable theatrical values of the play, have over-praised its total achievement. This difference of view would be very natural in the different circumstances of the opposing parties: and it brings into the open a very frequent cause of misunderstanding between critics and theatre workers. Only naturally theatre people value especially the kind of thing which they can see themselves performing in or producing: and if critics were writing only for the profession, they would have to echo this interest. As it is, critics are writing primarily for those whose interest lies beyond technique, and they are therefore more concerned with (and in theory, at least, therefore freer to judge) the total effect. I wish theatre people would remember this when they feel like complaining that the critics don't take account of their technical difficulties or don't pay enough attention to purely technical achievement.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Submarine Command", at the Plaza
Films by James Broughton, at the British Film Institute

To one who has not been to America, films like *Submarine Command* are an unceasing source of wonder. The hero, Ken White, has never seen a gun fired in anger, right up to the last day of the war. He confesses this to Pete, a Navy flier who is rescued by his submarine, and Pete is duly sympathetic. (Sympathetic? !) Suddenly there is an engagement, and in the course of it Ken is forced to sacrifice the lives of his Captain and Quartermaster, which earns him the boundless contempt of William Bendix, one of the crew, but the earnest approval of everyone else, including the dead Captain's father and widow ("You did right, Ken, you mustn't blame yourself"). The war over, Ken is reunited to his fiancée, a high-powered boss-lady, played with the full Bel Geddes tremor by Nancy Olsen, and settles down to the life of a regular Naval officer. This does not last long; soon Mr. Bendix re-appears, in transports of pathological distaste, and within half a reel the hero is forced to another ugly decision, this time involving the burning almost to death of one of his men. Although everyone rallies round splendidly ("You did the right thing, Ken, you mustn't blame yourself," says the father once again), the psychological wound is reopened. Ken becomes moody, he throws a party and impugns his guests' knowledge of baseball, he dickers with the idea of entering a business run by a tycoon called A. E. Matthews, and in general is running downhill fast, when out of the blue, like the United States Cavalry at the end of a prestige Western, the Korean War gives him a second chance to right himself. Need I say that he succeeds? That a dangerous mission is accomplished in the very teeth of the incidental music? That William Bendix looks at him with a slow change of expression which, in another context, might well be misinterpreted? That his wife, from whom he was separated, has a baby who appears in the fade-out? That the whole film casts such a curious light on the Hollywood conception of discipline, human values, and the significance of the Korean war? Jonathan Latimer, who wrote the work, makes one of the characters say: "Anyone who goes to a psychiatrist ought to have his head examined." This may not be precisely original as a wisecrack, but it does start up a train of thought.

I have little fondness for experimental films as such. Too often they are ineptly photographed and all too predictably obscure, hovering between the ludicrous and the revolting. James Broughton, an American poet, has managed to make four pieces which break the curse, and certainly deserve

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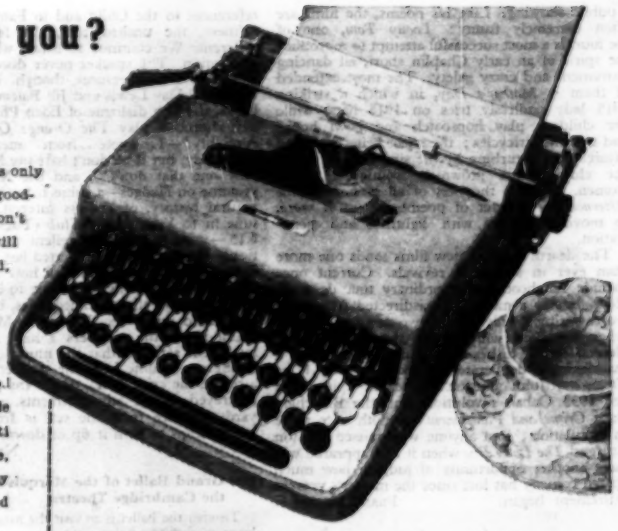

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a public showing. Like his poems, the films are often extremely funny: *Loony Tom*, one of the four, is a most successful attempt to reproduce the spirit of an early Chaplin short, all dancing movement and crazy gaiety. The most extended of them is *Mother's Day*, in which a striking 1915 lady endlessly tries on 1915 hats, while her children play hopscotch and bowl hoops and ride tiny tricycles: the effect being rendered bizarre and disturbing by the simple fact that all the children are grown-up young men and women. Perhaps the best of all is *Four in the Afternoon*, a quartet of poems set, as it were, to moving pictures with lightness and penetration.

The dearth of good new films sends one more than ever in search of revivals. Current ones include Hitchcock's extraordinary tour de force *Rope*, largely a matter of misdirected effort, but worth seeing if only for the two-minute sequence when the chest which holds the dead body is cleared of its dishes and almost opened by a maddeningly deliberate housekeeper. *We Were Strangers*, John Huston's excellent episode in the 1933 Cuban revolution, and the Blanchar-Baur *Crime and Punishment* are both once more in circulation; and anyone who missed Preston Sturges' *The Lady Eve* when it first appeared will have another opportunity of judging how much screen comedy has lost since the master's present retirement began.

FRANK HAUSER

RADIO NOTES

I LOOKED forward to the rarely acted *Cymbeline*, though less for its court scenes than for its songs, its heroine, and its Ancient British landscape. It was a surprise, then, to discover how little the restrained and beautifully spoken production was able to move me—except in the innocent and charming Fidele episodes. The effect of the general underplaying was to bring out, not the poetry of the lines but the outrageousness of the plot—and certainly to lose the romantic wildness that, to a reader, is one of the compensations for the play's disagreeableness. The conclusion is, as usual, that Shakespeare on the air, as on the bare Elizabethan stage, requires *panache*; more and more music; flourishes. Altogether it was a flat and undistinguished week. Writers wrote, speakers spoke, actors and producers went about their business, and then (one would suppose) made off, feeling conscientious or bored, or nothing at all except that the job was done. Well, it is hard to write about the mediocre without feeling mediocre oneself. Perhaps now is the time to speak of the case of Alistair Cooke, whose week-by-week demonstration of critical deliquescence (is there a better word?) I can never bring myself to miss.

National Commentaries have been springing up from a number of countries of late: Alistair Cooke's *American Letter* is still the only one we can listen to as an essay in its own right. For—there is no doubt—he is a first-class essay-writing journalist. His technique alone is worth attention; the trick opening, the timed suspense, the tailored sentences, the personal note with its tightrope chances. But the dyer's hand is after all subdu'd to what it works in, and this one-time observer is now so deeply imbedded in the life he describes that he is no longer able to observe it. From being a brilliant, sharp and entertaining critic, he has become, not only an anxious apologist of the American way of life, but a textbook demonstration of the American way of thought. I allow, of course, for the fact that national commentaries, if ever encountered by their own nationals, have an embarrassing, out-of-focus air: the *New Yorker* London Letter is an example. And Yet.... Last week's talk was on the private life of the English Royal Family—dearer, even, to the American heart (we are told) than the private lives of its own film stars. The week before was a panegyric on the American Child, of which the American Adult seems to stand in a state of constant admiring awe. A time or two previous to that we had an emotional piece on the noble Japanese American. Invariably, now, we find the references to the Child and to Family Life; the softness, the unshed tear, the fear of being *different*. We continue to listen, with a horrible fascination. The speaker never disappoints.

Among brief pleasures, though, I might mention Cecil Day Lewis and Jill Balcon in *Time for Verse*, the rich dialogue of Eden Philpotts's Sunday afternoon play *The Orange Orchard* ("the Almighty"—I quote from memory—"loves everybody, but if he don't hate my Maud he's the only one that don't"), and the *Naturalist* programme on Hedges—a subject, for its history and natural history, of endless interest. Those who tune in to *Your Music Club* (Tuesdays; Light; 6.15)—if only for its excellent musical illustrations—must have been diverted last week by Alec Robertson's demonstration of how Haydn would have expected his lighter music to be heard—not by listeners in silent, serried rows, but as a background to polite social chatter. My only complaint about the numbers I have heard in this intelligent series is that the music comes over at a different volume from the speaker's words. As a result, the critic (who, unlike the placid listener portrayed in the advertisements, sits at several yards distance from the set) is for ever giving fretful leaps to turn it up or down.

NAOMI LEWIS

The Grand Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas, at the Cambridge Theatre

To visit the ballet is to visit the magical world one knew as a child where nothing is impossible and no event incongruous. *Les Sylphides* of the Grand Ballet failed to create this feeling. Instead of the ghostliness, the misty uncertainty of wraiths dancing among the trees, it was hard, cramped (partly because of the unhappy choice of theatre), conscientious and worldly. What caught the eye had not the gentle quality of moonlight but the hard glitter of flint in the midday sun. Only when Zoritch danced the Mazurka and later, with Hightower, the waltz, did something of the original come back. He, like Skibine in *Night Shadow*, which followed, has a nobility and gracefulness of carriage, a maleness of quality, conveys a sense of hidden power which is strangely exciting and is not seen at Covent Garden.

The Enchanted Mill, the last ballet, Lichine's gay story of the young miller who prefers day-dreams to work seemed more suited to the company's ability, which is of a high order if a little uneven, than Fokine's romanticism. It enabled them to show off their other male dancers, particularly the brilliant young soloist, Serge Golovine, a Frenchman of Russian origin, who has not been seen in London before. He has the polish, the cleanness of finish, and control which none of our English male dancers yet possess. Though a little small he holds himself so straight that the defect is hardly noticed even against Harriet Toby, who dances the miller's daughter, a role which suits her well. She is taller than he, is very light and moves with a kind of quick gracefulness which makes one want to go with her. She is gay and sad, frightened then happy in a rapid succession of moods. But it is the male dancing one remembers. We have not seen anything like it here since Babilée

P. B.

Ganymed Reproductions, at the Zwemmer Gallery

There are three types of reproductions on show: Turnstile Prints, Ganymed Facsimiles and Ganymed Collographs, a new series. The Prints are good, accurate reproductions of oil paintings—Cézanne, Rubens, Holman Hunt, Utrillo, etc. Yet because it is impossible to reproduce the actual thickness of oil paint but only the illusion of its thickness by shadow, they lack, like all such reproductions, one essential quality—a sense of the actual medium, of its immediacy, of the way it has been worked by the artist. The remarkable Facsimiles, of watercolours and drawings (actually there is also one very thinly painted oil sketch), do have this quality. Three of them are hung beside their originals. In fact they are *not* identical—when so much precise craftsmanship has gone to their making, it is only fair to be equally precise in describing them—but their differences are so minute that, if their numbers were changed around I would defy anyone to be quite certain which was which. Their prices (they are always of course the same size as the original) range from £2-£9, and their selection from Wilson Steer to Giacometti. The possibilities suggested by this type of reproduction are important for museums and art schools as well as for private individuals. They do not just remind or prepare one for the experience of looking at the original; they reproduce that experience—almost completely. The first three of the new series of Ganymed Collographs are by Henry Moore. Apparently what is principally new in this method is that instead of producing one complete original from which the camera makes its colour separation negatives, in Collographs the artist builds up his original in a series of colour separations and these are transferred to the normal collotype plates. After seeing proofs the artist may make what alterations he likes to his originals before the limited edition is produced.

J. B.

"Mrs. Basil Farrington," at the New Boltons

This drama, covering 30 years in the life of an "elemental," is less a play than a vehicle, less a vehicle than an amplifier for Miss Joan Miller's electronics. It contains material for at least half a dozen plays and ranges from barn-storming melodrama to vast tracts of dialogue that might have come straight out of *Mrs. Dale's Diary*. Mrs. Basil Farrington is an angel of sweetness and light in the first act. Blindness and the revelation of her husband's adultery turn her into a ranting termagant in the second. Such transitions are incredible, even in the theatre. Technically, this play—and by that I mean Miss Miller's performance—is well worth seeing since it raises almost every problem about modern acting that is worth discussion. Here, at the Boltons, one sees just what happens when a star-quality *tragedienne* is given her head in too small a theatre. At one moment Miss Miller makes us catch our breath, at the next giggle. One comes away feeling one has seen a phenomenon rather than a piece of acting. The effect on the rest of the cast is shattering. Buffeted by Miss Miller's performance, they relapse into caricatures of British good breeding, underplaying, over-sounding their vowels, and generally striving to efface their personalities as completely as possible. Oliver Johnston manages to squeeze in an admirable sketch of a heavy father before Mrs. Farrington's tragedy gets under way but David Markham retires savaged at an early stage of the evening. As she proves in the play's quieter moments, Miss Miller has the makings of a fine actress. At present, she relies on a bundle of ill-contrasting stage emotions and Mr. Cotes's policy of giving her enormous parts to play in a small theatre is the worst way of fusing them. She should, instead, be encouraged to appear in a large theatre with a cast of equal calibre.

J. N. B. R.

"See You Later," at the Watergate
"The Lyric Revue," at the Globe

The Watergate launched a brilliant notion when they first presented an after-the-theatre revue at ten-fifteen in the evening. But successively (in their theatre and others) the standard for these late night reviews, both of material and of performance, has sunk abysmally. Now at last the Watergate themselves have restored prestige with an entertainment that snaps and crackles and sparkles. Miss Dulcie Gray comes to display a different side to her talent in sketch and song; and Miss Diana Maddox is a brilliant all-rounder (her impersonation of Miss Joyce Grenfell is devastatingly exact). Lyrics and music are by Mr. Sandy Wilson and, besides being fresh, each item has the great merit of being very short. Christopher Hewett, Yvonne Marsh, and Charles Ross form the rest of this gay company.

The highly praised Lyric Revue, now transferred, deserves all the high praise it has won. Arthur Macrae is the writer in chief, his high spots being the skits on Anouilh and *The Little Hut*, and the cod of *Kiss Me Kate*, a musical comedy founded on Ibsen, and entitled *Kiss Me, Mrs. Alving*. Miss Dora Bryan discovers herself as a quite exceptionally brilliant comedienne and with her Miss Irlin Hall and Mr. Graham Payne and Mr. George Benson head a company whose talents are enhanced by freshness and youth. This is a light entertainment which can be thoroughly recommended.

T. C. W.

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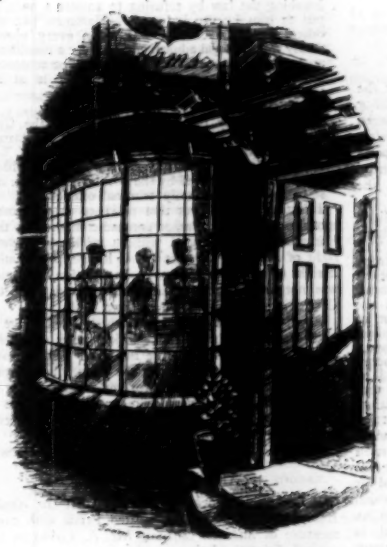

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Correspondence

AMERICAN LEGAL PROCESSES

SIR,—Your readers may already have heard of the imprisonment in the United States of the author Dashiell Hammett. A correspondence between myself and the American Embassy on this matter throws a startlingly clear light on some alarming aspects of this case. My first letter, addressed to the American Ambassador, simply requested information on the facts.

Mr. Barrett Parker, an Embassy attaché, replied:

As you probably know, Hammett is the Chairman of the Civil Rights Congress Bail Fund. The Civil Rights Congress is an organization with strong Communistic sympathies. On July 11 Hammett was sentenced to six months in jail for criminal contempt of court. The sentence followed the court's effort to learn from Hammett who put up 80,000 dollars bail for four convicted American Communists who jumped bail and disappeared. Hammett refused to reveal who had contributed the bail, and as a consequence was sentenced by the judge to six months in prison . . . I trust that these facts will help to clarify his current situation.

I then drew the Embassy's attention to two further points. (1) That it is apparently taken for granted by them that an unpopular political label is in itself condonation of *ultra vires* methods; (2) That the fact that Hammett was sentenced without trial or right of appeal is undisputed in their letter, which makes it obvious that at the expiry of the current six months' prison sentence his continued refusal to divulge the names of the bails could well result in a further six months' sentence: there could, in fact, be a cat-and-mouse process indefinitely.

Mr. Parker replied from the Embassy:

My description of the Civil Rights Congress was *an intentionally moderate one* [my italics—C.D.]. The political affiliations of this organization are not a matter of conjecture or personal opinion, but rather of facts which are readily available . . Dashiell Hammett's offense was the simple one of breaking the law by refusing to answer a question put to him by the judge . . . Hammett like any other American citizen, was given every opportunity to have legal advice, and to make a considered answer to the court . . . No man can be sentenced without legal representation unless it is at his specific desire.

My final letter to Mr. Parker said:

The accuracy of your description of the Civil Rights Congress as an organization "with strong Communistic sympathies" is not the issue . . . You appear to regard it as self-evident that the holding of opinions not shared by the government of the day is in itself a necessarily criminal offence."

I further pointed out that nowhere in the correspondence did Mr. Parker contradict the report that Hammett was sentenced without trial and without right of appeal. Of what use is legal representation if right of appeal is refused? In addition, Hammett was not allowed to avail himself of funds from the Civil Rights Congress for his own bail.

Apart from other reflections which I will leave to your readers, the main point which seems to emerge from this case is that in the minds of the dominant politicians in America to-day the term "contempt" now serves as a justification for any judge's taking on himself summary powers quite outside any code of legal procedure to deprive the individual of all civil rights indefinitely.

21 Claverton St. S.W.1 CHRISTIAN DARNTON

ANGLO-IRANIAN

SIR,—In his endeavour to prove that the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has treated Persia with every measure of financial fairness, Mr. A. Chisholm has quoted figures relating to the expenditure of the company in Persia, which, when set down by themselves, certainly do appear to render invalid the charge of "unjustifiable exploitation."

It should be remembered, however, that Persia's national income, apart from that gained by taxation and the returns of State monopolies, is almost wholly dependent on its oil revenues. Persia's budget revenues for the year 1950 may be summarised as follows:—

	£ *million*
Indirect taxes and State monopoly returns	37.5
Other revenues	12.5
A.I.O.C. royalty payments	16.0
Total	66.0

The total budget expenditure for the same financial year was about £72 million. To meet the deficit of £6 million for 1950 and similar amounts for previous years, the Persian Government has resorted to borrowing from the National Bank, a practice which is obviously ruinous to both parties.

The profits of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company during 1950 have been unofficially estimated at £250 million. The royalties proposed in the Supplemental Concession of 1949 would have amounted to £30 million for 1950, this figure representing only 12 per cent. of the total profits for that year. Can this be regarded as a fair division, and does it not provide a first-class reason for the refusal of the Majlis (quite apart from the argument as to whether or not the Majlis has been either wise or justified in making its subsequent decisions relative to the oil dispute) to ratify this Concession? Does not this distribution of profits constitute the exploitation which Mr. Chisholm has so carefully attempted to disprove? HECTOR

HOMOSEXUAL OFFENCES

SIR,—Mr. Michael Laurie's letter impels me to relate, though with some misgivings, my own experience.

At the age of 25 I was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for offences in connection with other adult male persons. Although the judge referred to remedial treatment in explaining the length of sentence imposed, I never at any time received any offer of treatment while in prison.

Subsequently I consulted a noted psychoanalyst and submitted to a lengthy course. This produced no conscious alteration in sexual aim, though it may have been of benefit in other directions.

Towards the end of the war, during which I served in the Army, I married. The lady concerned, was fully informed of my past experiences before marriage. I can only say that both of us have been completely satisfied in our married life, and that it is not a platonic friendship.

It would be tragic if so called homosexuals were dissuaded by expert theorists to accept their situation as unchangeable. The implication that there is a hard and fast line between homosexuals and heterosexuals and that neither can be affected by external events, is refuted by several instances known to me.

No one acquainted with the subject can imagine that removal of some of the legal penalties will solve the problems facing those whose sexual aim is not normal. In so far as they can be led to recognise this and adjust their activities, I am in agreement with Mr. Laurie, but I cannot agree that there is no hope of changing the aim and that homosexuality is invariably congenital.

Looking at the matter as dispassionately as I can, I feel that any amendment to the Criminal Law or to penal methods which would include in the sentence imposed a period of compulsory treatment would completely fail in its purpose.

It would probably result in the imposition of indeterminate sentences and the homosexual offender would be in no better position than the criminal lunatic.

I am aware that this brings the problem down to one of definition and diagnosis and therefore delivers it back into the hands of the expert.

On the whole I think I would rather be subject to a law which is archaic and brutal, than to a scientific treatment which has apparently never produced a cure. J. D.

[The writer of this letter has sent us his name and address in confidence.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

JOURNAL OF DELINQUENCY

SIR,—Owing to absence on holiday I have only now read your extremely friendly and appreciative review of the *British Journal of Delinquency* in your issue of August 11th. It contains however one or two misconceptions which, I think, deserve to be cleared up, not merely in the interests of the *Journal* but in so far as they raise an issue of some psychological and sociological importance.

In the first place, your reviewer seems to be under the impression that the editors consider the study of delinquency to be "*only* a problem in psychology"; whereas the frequently stated aim of the *Journal* is to advance and co-ordinate work in psychological, sociological, educational, anthropological and all other cognate fields. This is a fact to which the presence of Dr. Hermann Mannheim on the editorial board, and, on the advisory board, of Professors Fortes, Ginsberg, Glass, Penrose, Simey and others, bears ample testimony.

Again, although it is to some extent true that "the public, the psychologist and penologists of different schools and the officials engaged in the humble but necessary task of actually looking after criminals" are often at loggerheads, they are not, as your reviewer suggests, "all at loggerheads." In recent years there has developed a quite remarkable entente between the various schools of psychiatry, psychology, sociology and social work, a getting-together of lions and lambs which gained so powerful an impetus after the war that it could almost be rated as a pacifistic phenomenon. In so far as the entente leads to the co-ordination of scientific *methods* in the fields concerned, this is of course all to the good. But it is not without its dangers. Scientific methods vary not only in their point of application but in their depth of approach; and the results of combined researches are frequently determined by the lowest common denominator of the techniques applied. Indeed, should the various psychological and social sciences reach a premature consensus regarding any common problem there is some risk that research on that problem will for the time being reach stalemate. It is to be hoped that this contingency will not arise; but in the meantime the loggerhead situation is not without its advantages, provided always the differences are not due solely to prejudice. At the very least it insures the public against the hasty application of social "panaceas." EDWARD GLOVER

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MRS. ASIMINA AMBATIELOS

SIR,—The Executive Committee of the Haldane Society has considered three documents relating to the impending trial in Athens of Mrs. Asimina Ambatielos. They are:—

(1) The letter dated 6th August, 1951, of Mr. A. A. Pallis, Greek Minister Plenipotentiary in London, to the *Birmingham Post*.

(2) Article 2 of the Greek Law 509/1947.

(3) A copy of the Indictment of Mrs. Ambatielos.

In his letter Mr. Pallis states that Mrs. Ambatielos was arrested for recruiting young people as members of the Greek Communist Party, an illegal organisation; for taking part in secret Communist meetings, and for distributing subversive manifestos and other literature in accordance with the rebel radio's instructions to revive the Communist Party's illegal organisation and resume its subversive activities. He further states that she was committed for trial charged with contravention of Article 2 of Act 509/1947.

Article 2 of the Greek Law 509/1947 makes it an offence to try to put into operation ideas having as their expressed aim the overthrow by force of the constitution or of the prevailing system, or the detachment of part of the State, or to act in support of conversion of people to such ideas. The Article further enumerates the circumstances in which the above offences will be most severely punished.

The Indictment (kategoritirion) of Mrs. Ambatielos contains *not a single reference* to any of the reasons given by Mr. Pallis in his letter for her arrest. It consists largely of attacks on the accused's sons, two of whom are in Greek prisons under sentence of death, and upon her daughter-in-law, Betty Ambatielos. The charges against Mrs. Ambatielos herself can be summarised as follows:—(1) That she has collected from her daughter-in-law in England food and clothing for her sons; (2) that she has written to her daughter-in-law giving her the addresses of other relatives of prisoners and exiles; (3) "many times she encouraged similarly suffering women"; (4) that in this way she supported the exiles and prisoners; (5) that she showed great activity for the foundation of the All-Greek Union of Families of Prisoners and Exiles; (6) that when questioned about the whereabouts of her third son, Spiros, she said at first that he was on a voyage, but finally admitted that he was in Russia.

The Indictment ends by setting out a letter found in her house written to her by a relative in New York and dated 7th January, 1950. It in no way incriminates the accused, but appears to be merely inserted as irrelevant prejudice.

We do not find in this indictment a single accusation of any offence punishable under Article 2 of Law 509/1947, or, indeed, of any conceivable criminal offence, unless indeed it be that under Greek Law it is an offence for a mother to seek to relieve the sufferings of her sons and to organise relief for women similarly bereft of their breadwinners.

We have, of course, no knowledge as to the truth of the allegations made against Mrs. Ambatielos and her family in this Indictment. Even were they all true, there is not in our view any case for her to answer under Article 2 of Law 509/1947 in the Indictment.

JOHN ELTON,
Hon. Secretary,
Haldane Society.

SOUTH BANK STYLE

SIR,—In planning the South Bank a wealth of attention was paid to surface textures and colours and to the relation between walls and structures, on the one hand, and sculpture, lighting, water, paintings, landscaping, colour and plants, on the other. These points of detail were accorded the same care and co-ordination that went into the larger problems and to them is due much of the lightness and movement that distinguished the Exhibition, both internally and externally. This also applies to furniture and fittings. The potential importance of all this is clear. As Summerson sadly implies, it is doubtful whether in the next few years we shall see much of the South Bank architectural "magic" sprouting up in our towns and cities. But it is enthusiastically to be desired that the South Bank detail should bear fruit.

On the municipal and large private levels, while the courage and common sense needed to profit fully from the architectural lesson may be lacking, at least we may hope to see more intelligent use made of the all-important secondary elements. This would be a vital beginning. On the domestic level, there is no doubt that the South Bank has made a lasting visual impression on vast numbers of visitors. Already, in the past few months, one has heard whispers in the by-ways of the western parts of London that rooms are being South Banked. If it is more than a passing fancy and spreads to homes throughout the land, if people have, perhaps unconsciously, learnt something from this marriage of simplicity and imagination and have learnt to use their eyes, this will have been an achievement indeed.

PETER KNEEBONE
14 Loudoun Road, N.W.8.

SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—I have always admired your paper for its liberal and progressive outlook and am particularly impressed with Basil Davidson's article "Prisoners of Prejudice." He has summed up the situation in South Africa admirably in calling it "an emotional and moral hell."

South Africa, as Mr. Davidson states, is entering a period of industrialism, and large numbers of the African population are being drawn to urban areas, there to live under conditions that would arouse the entire body of the S.P.C.A. if they were animals. The working class in England lived under similar conditions during the Industrial Revolution and in the process of evolution became the average Englishman of to-day. Evolution has shown us the inevitable development of countries like India and Indonesia and evolution will not by-pass South Africa. Eventually she will be forced to face the fact of racial equality. The means by which she will be forced are horrible to contemplate and obvious to anyone who reads the daily and increasing "Crime List" in the *Rand Daily Mail*. Unless the White South Africans control their hysteria and seek a sensible and far-sighted political solution before it is too late, they will pay the penalty of their own obtuse and obstinate mental attitude. Suppression of the Communist Party and banning overseas newspapers which contain true but unpalatable facts, will not help them in the least. In short, I am afraid nothing will help them Time marches on all over the world and will not wait for South Africa to get into step.

V. BURCHERD
39 St. David's Road, Houghton,
Johannesburg.

MRS. BEETON

SIR,—When I wrote, in "London Diary" for September 8th, that too many cookery books shut themselves up when the cook's back is turned, and that "the mighty *Household Management* of Mrs. Beeton did it with a thud," I wasn't making up what Colonel Shipton, of Ward, Lock & Co., calls "inaccurate and damaging statements." I was reporting. It was what these books had been doing to me, in bookshops.

A day or two after you published Colonel Shipton's letter, a friend telephoned to tell me that his secretary had just bought herself a new copy of Mrs. Beeton's *All About Cookery*. It wouldn't lie open at the page required—he tried it.

To-day, at Colonel Shipton's invitation, I played with all the new Beeton editions at Ward, Lock & Co.'s offices, and decided that I must have been grumbling about a superseded edition of *Household Management*. The new one stays open, with the leaves fanning up to 45 degrees. So does *All About Cookery*. But they both contain thick colour plates, and anywhere near one of these you will still need spoon, hair-grip, or rolling-pin. A number of smaller Beetons, on fish and sauces and so on, don't stay open at all until you've bent them back. But they will next year, says Colonel Shipton. Courage, cooks.

FLAVUS

STRAVINSKY

SIR,—A technical argument on the points in dispute between Mr. Shawe-Taylor and myself can hardly be conducted in your journal, but I should be grateful if you will allow me to make some brief comments on his letter.

Would his ear, unaided by his eye, have noted the alleged misaccentuations of the text, always supposing that the words could have been heard?

Stravinsky's accompaniment figuration, it seems to me, provides a neutral background of no special period against which he projects a rhythmically subtle vocal line independent of the normal pulse. In any case "odours" is a quicker word than "fragant" and I see nothing eccentric in giving it quicker notes, or in dwelling on "and" as a taking-off place for "with notes of cheer."

Such declamation to so light an accompaniment can be made to sound natural and intelligible. I do not say it was made to sound so.

ALEC ROBERTSON
Apsley,
Pulborough, Sussex.

[Mr. Shawe-Taylor writes: "I can hardly answer Mr. Robertson's hypothetical question, because I think it unlikely that, without the text, I should have caught any of the words which Stravinsky scans so strangely. The logical conclusion of Mr. Robertson's defence is that any scansion and any accentuation is equally acceptable. Gad, sir, Beckmesser was right!" —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE OXFORD CIRCUIT

SIR,—While greatly appreciating the kindly remarks of your reviewer Mr. John Raymond on my little book *The Oxford Circuit*, I am somewhat intrigued to find myself styled "Sir Bernard" (I am, in fact, Sir Ronald), thus going back 100 years to my distinguished forebear Sir Bernard Bosanquet, who was a Judge of the Common Pleas from 1830 to 1842. He was my great-great uncle. The name was always pronounced "Barnard" in the family. I believe that was the contemporary pronunciation. I have inherited his portrait and his books—and his freehold chambers (!) at 6 New Square, Lincolns Inn.

S. R. C. BOSANQUET
Monmouth.

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Books in General

VERNON WHITFORD, in *The Egoist*, was a lean scholar of sunken brilliancy who had thrown up a Fellowship, and who walked across country at a prodigious pace. Mr. Ramsay, in *To the Lighthouse*, kept eight children on philosophy, had an insatiable appetite for sympathy, and thought his way on from Q to R as heroically as any leader of a doomed expedition. Both Vernon Whitford and Mr. Ramsay were drawn from Leslie Stephen, George Meredith's friend and Virginia Woolf's father; and between them the portraits span a great deal of the character and career of the long, lean man who flashed across the Alps in the sixties—the first up the Schreckhorn and Zinalrothorn, first across the Col des Hirondelles—resigned his Cambridge Fellowship when he lost his faith in Christianity, edited the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, wrote *The Science of Ethics* and *The History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, and broke himself with overwork.

Nobody has given Leslie Stephen a book to himself since his friend F. W. Maitland put together his *Life and Letters* in 1906. And now Mr. Annan* strikes one as exactly the right person to discuss Stephen's ideas and character, and to set them in relation to the major intellectual movements of the nineteenth century. He is entirely at home among the Victorian intellectuals, sensitive to the undertones of their conversations and controversies. He has read the books they read as well as those they wrote, has inquired how their ideas took shape, and observed where these have led to in our century. He has taken trouble to enter into their amusements as well as their work: he analyses with some thoroughness the particular kinds of satisfaction Leslie Stephen got from coaching the Trinity Hall boat, and climbing the Alps. He has just the right kind of personal interest: with considerable enjoyment he traces the ramifications of the Stephen family from the days of James Stephen, friend of William Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay, and rounds up all the cousins and connections, Maitlands, Diceys, Venns, Fishers, Darwins, to display one of the most notable groups in the English "aristocracy of intellect."

Mr. Annan is not competing with Maitland, and only gives two of his ten chapters to biography—indeed his study originated as the Le Bas prize essay, and these two chapters are later additions. He has had at his disposal a number of Stephen's letters which Maitland never saw, and an autobiographical manuscript written by Stephen for his children, which Maitland saw, but did not feel able to use. It was a record of his self-pity and sense of failure, and a confession of his wilfulness and irritability at home: Mr. Ramsay, in fact, owning what a monster he had been in telling his wife and son that it wouldn't be fine enough for the excursion to the lighthouse. These quotations are painful reading: possibly they account for one's liking Stephen less after reading Mr. Annan's study. One has to go back to the affectionate letters to James Russell Lowell and Charles Norton, back to *The Playground of Europe*, to find the more congenial Leslie Stephen—perhaps thus proving Mr. Annan's point, that Stephen gave his friends the best of himself, and was driven by some demon to show his family the worst.

The central event of Stephen's life, which determined his future career, was his resignation, in 1864, of his Fellowship at Trinity Hall, as a result of his inability to come to terms with the Thirty-Nine Articles. In charting the reasons for this decision, and the later developments of Stephen's thought, Mr. Annan is at his best. He holds all the threads in his hand, and sees just where and how the scientists, the philosophers, the political thinkers, the social reformers, the politicians, the novelists and the poets, touched each other in their actions, their ideas and their friendships. While his chapter on Stephen's literary criticism is in some respects unsatisfying, those which analyse Stephen's agnosticism and discuss his attempt to erect a moral system independent of religious dogma, should be read by all students of nineteenth-century literature.

Leslie Stephen's loss of faith is seen as an incident in a campaign that, in one way or another, engaged all the Victorian intellectuals. Mr. Annan—as clear and fair a guide as one could wish—ranges confidently over the familiar battlefield, where H. L. Mansel and Herbert Spencer, Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce took their stand. "Loss of faith," however, hardly conveys the quality of Stephen's own experience. He was no Robert Elsmere; there were no agonies for him, no dark nights. In rejecting the evangelical faith of the Clapham Sect into which he was born, he was simply "discarding a threadbare jacket." It had never particularly fitted him, nor even kept him warm. The real moment of crisis, Mr. Annan suggests, had already occurred. Stephen had been an exceptionally sensitive child, and badly treated at Eton. At Cambridge he deliberately made himself the invaluable rowing coach, the promoter of athletics, the good fellow. "Masculine" became for him a term of critical praise, and the "feminine"—applied to Keats's vulnerability to reviews, or the tender strain in J. S. Mill's morality—a matter for reproach. He tried to change his nature, to master his sensitivity, to suppress the feminine side of his personality; the price was paid in blunted sensibilities, in Forster's "uneducated heart." This loss of sensitivity was more fundamental than his loss of faith; for it was a real loss of something valuable he had once possessed, while the faith he had rejected had never given him any spiritual nourishment. The effects of this mutilation ran like a fault through all his life and work. It made him insensitive to people and sentimental about his own griefs and losses. It was at the root of his two great blindnesses as a critic and thinker—his inability to understand the religious, or the poetic, mind.

In his *Agnostic's Apology* and his *Science of Ethics* Stephen was consciously grappling with intellectual and moral problems. But it is in his most popular book, *The Playground of Europe*, that we can best feel those stresses that he never consciously acknowledged: the tug between his innate sensitivity and his deliberate philistinism, his rational disbelief and his emotional need to love and worship some object outside and beyond himself. Nobody is better than Stephen on the social side of an Alpine holiday—the fun, the friends, the shared experience. And he can impressively rise to the descriptive set piece, as in the "Sunset from Mont Blanc," which he considered to be the best thing he ever wrote. But he is less happy in recording the moments of greatest personal delight and fulfilment. It is not that he lacks feeling about the mountains—there is indeed almost too much—as that he hardly knows what to do with it. The Wengern Alp is "the holy of holies in the mountain sanctuary" and the emotions it arouses are too sacred to be laid bare. That, we feel, is saying either too little or too much, and the words in this and similar passages produce a discomfort of which we are never aware in two other mountain books of the period, Wills's *Wanderings in the High Alps* and Tyndall's *Hours of Exercise*. Wills, a sincere Christian, had no need of an outlet for quasi-religious emotion; and Tyndall, an agnostic, was preserved from sentimentality by his strict habit of scientific observation. It was science, in the shape of the *Origin of Species*, that provided Stephen with so many of the rational grounds of his agnosticism: but science practised among the mountains he worshipped aroused in him the most irrational feelings. He provoked Tyndall into resigning from the Alpine Club by his rudeness and his schoolboy jokes. "The temperature," he wrote of the summit of the Rothorn, "was approximately (I had no thermometer) 212° (Fahrenheit) below freezing point. As for ozone, if any existed in the atmosphere, it was a greater fool than I take it for." Yet there is a beauty and accuracy in some of Tyndall's observations on the movements of glaciers, on the disintegration of mountains, that were beyond Stephen's scope.

As a literary critic Stephen—judicious, analytical, ironic, humorous—had most of the prosaic virtues. Read him on the Edinburgh Reviewers, stripping away their pretensions with incisive wit and common sense; read him on Scott or Johnson, and admire the warmth of his sympathies for the vigorous, "masculine" writer. "I now believe in nothing," he wrote in 1865, "but I do not the less believe in morality, etc., etc., I mean to live and die like a gentleman if possible"; and his massive morality strengthened his critical perceptions when he was dealing with authors, George Eliot, Fielding or Richardson, who draw much of their energy from their moral view of life. But with a novel of imagination like *Wuthering Heights*, he was all at sea, as he was with the poetry of Donne or Coleridge. (It was Mrs. Ramsay, we recall, and not her husband, who had "some crystal of intensity, remote from the known pleasures and familiar virtues.")

Mr. Annan faces this failure of Stephen's with poetry, and suggests it was because "he had not too little, but too much poetry, in him

* *Leslie Stephen: His Thought and Character.* By NOEL ANNAN. *MacGibbon & Kee. 25s.*

and drank it in such draughts that he could not savour the delicacy or tell the vintage." I find this quite unconvincing. With poetry, like Crabbe's, that can be talked about in terms of character and morality, Stephen is entirely at home, as, too, he is with Wordsworth, whose philosophy he could abstract and discuss. But he had a "radically prosaic mind," as he rather complacently owned in an essay on Coleridge which reveals his limitations all too plainly. What he lacked as a reader was a response to the magical, prophetic, and irrational qualities of poetry; what he lacked as a critic was a concern with words and images as well as sentiments, and an interest in the process of poetic creation. He would not recognise that poetry—like Donne's, whose conceits he so detested, like Tennyson's *In Memoriam* whose philosophy he found effeminate—could be written out of tension and doubt. Keats's Negative Capability, Hopkins's "terrible crystal," both lay outside his perception.

Stephen saw poetry as the instrument of feeling, as prose was the instrument of thought; he did not conceive of it as an instrument for tapping the forces that lie beyond or beneath our consciousness. To say this is not to criticise Stephen for having lived before Freud: this was a question that had engaged the Cambridge Platonists and Coleridge, and was a prime concern of Stephen's own contemporary, the critic E. S. Dallas. But here, too, Stephen was characteristic of his time. Again and again, as we follow Mr. Annan through the quarrels of the scientists and theologians, the rationalists and the orthodox, we are struck by the fact that none of the disputants on either side had the least sensibility to poetry or feeling for words. There was one kind of truth for geology and religion, one kind of language for the discoveries of physical science and the revelations of spiritual reality. Leslie Stephen infused a rationalist vigour and acuteness into the controversy: but his *Agnostic's Apology* is as out-dated as his criticism of Donne, because we can now see more clearly what a limited and insufficient conception of religion he was rejecting. *In Memoriam*, with all its central ambiguity reflected in its words and images, still stands as a far profounder statement of Victorian doubt.

JANET ADAM SMITH

A CLEAR SHELL

Then fire burned my body to a clear shell.
Though whether the fanning tempest blew from hell
Or heaven I could not, cannot, tell—
Who have no sense
Left for so nice a difference.

But I learned the essential function of extreme pain—
Of liquid fire pouring again and again
And again through the horrified body: such pain
Makes wholly innocent.
Therefore am I impenitent.

To-day. To-day ask no forgiveness,
Having nothing to be forgiven. And my soul, no less
House-proud than at the beginning, shows Death
Smilingly over the place,
Trusting this new face.

FRANCES BELLERBY

WAR CRIMINALS

Manstein. By R. T. PAGET. *Collins*. 15*s*.
The Revolt. By M. BEGIN. *W. H. Allen*. 18*s*.

As a result of his experiences in defending Manstein, Mr. Paget has something new and really important to add to the controversy about the trial of war criminals. Unfortunately, this lesson is obscured by two secondary themes. They transform his book into a piece of political propaganda, none the less harmful because neither he nor Lord Hankey (who contributes an equally confused—and confusing—Foreword) are aware of the sleight of hand which they are perpetrating on the unwary reader.

Let us try to sort the tangle out. Mr. Paget and Lord Hankey are convinced that the legal basis and procedures of the War Crimes Tribunals fell far below the best traditions of British justice. In particular, Mr. Paget argues at length that the Royal Warrant, which set up the special courts, with their special procedures, was contrary to international law and an abuse of the power of the conqueror:

> It permitted in the trial of Germans at least a dozen things, which, if any one of them had occurred in the trial of Englishmen, would have resulted in the Court of Criminal Appeal quashing the proceedings upon the grounds that a grave miscarriage of justice had occurred.

Mr. Paget's account, both of the events preceding the trial and of the trial itself, is a pungent, pugnacious, document, which is pleasantly intelligible to the lay reader. On this issue—that the trial was a political, as opposed to a judicial, process—he is almost certainly much nearer the mark than Sir Hartley Shawcross, who has smugly rebuked his lack of decorum. The truth in such matters is seldom quite respectable.

Mr. Paget's objective in undertaking the defence was to obtain an opportunity for publicly challenging the Royal Warrant, and to ensure that a foreigner in a British court was adequately represented. But soon after he reached Hamburg a new theme emerged. He was captivated by Manstein's personality and became fervently convinced of his innocence. Here is part of the peroration with which he wound up in court:

> Whether or not you add to his stature the crown of martyrdom, he will serve as a model for that which is best in the German character.

Manstein, as Mr. Paget rightly observes, is an incarnation of the ethos of the Prussian officer caste. Impeccable in his private life and the slave of a narrow code of soldierly honour, there was nothing of the sadist or the thug about him; and he was almost certainly innocent of war crimes, in the legal sense of the words. His crime was the crime of the whole *Offizierkorps*; and that corporate crime, as Nuremberg lawyers agreed, could not be tried in a court of law.

Had Mr. Paget stopped here, I would have no objection to his book. But he does not. Instead, he introduces his third theme, a defence of the "non-political" attitude of the *Offizierkorps* in the inter-war years and of the conduct of the whole German Army during the Russian campaign. What began as a generous gesture of British fair play ends as an apologia for German militarism. Mr. Paget complains that the war crimes trials were "propaganda trials." But, on his own showing, he himself was responsible for misusing the Manstein trial in an effort to rehabilitate the Germany Army in Western eyes.

This can only be done by a fantastic distortion of the facts. Mr. Paget's account of the role of the *Reichswehr* in the Weimar period is almost comically naive and confused. We are told that Manstein "attended to his profession as a loyal servant of the Republic," and yet, a few pages later, we read that "he was not unsympathetic to the suppression of democracy and political opposition." And, later on, we learn that he felt that participation in the anti-Hitler plots was incompatible with his oath of loyalty.

The civil crime of Manstein and the rest of the German *Offizierkorps* was twofold. A democracy can only be preserved by the soldier's studied refusal to play politics: under a dictatorship, freedom can only be restored if the soldier leads the revolt. The *Offizierkorps* participated actively in the destruction of the German Republic, and then (with a few notable exceptions, which did *not* include Manstein) pleaded the oath of loyalty as an excuse for passive compliance with Hitler's orders. Without these sins of omission and commission, the Nazi war crimes in the occupied territories of Russia and Poland could not have been committed. If Manstein cannot be held legally responsible for the horrors carried on behind his back by Himmler's men, his moral and political guilt is inescapable.

Mr. Paget can only avoid this conclusion by some very special pleading. Referring to the pre-war period, he observes, "Manstein knew little of the racial persecution. He knew that Jews were encouraged to emigrate and that they were subject to professional disqualifications." This is an exquisite euphemism for turning a blind eye on a bestial persecution. If such conduct "will serve as a model for that which is best in the German character," the prospects of German democracy are very bleak!

It is instructive to see the war criminal from another angle. Menachem Begin was the commander of the Irgun and was responsible for cold-blooded atrocities committed during the Palestine troubles. He used assassination as a means of provoking the British Army to take vicious reprisals. He did so quite deliberately because he was determined to wreck the chance of a peaceful settlement, which would leave the Arabs in any part of Palestine. In General Barker he found an unwitting ally. Everything the General did and said confirmed the impression Begin wanted to create that the British were prejudiced enemies of the Jews, who could be got rid of if only you hit them hard enough. Although both were upright men, each with his own code of soldierly honour, the calculated provocation of the one and the blundering reaction of the other were important factors in the catastrophe.

Yet what struck me in reading *The Revolt* was the astonishing self-restraint of both sides in the Palestine troubles. Despite a few well-publicised atrocities, the fundamental decency of the British Army and of the Jewish people survived, badly battered, but strong enough to prevent irremediable hatreds. Menachem Begin is not a Jewish hero to-day, but a faded politician; it is Ben Gurion and the moderates who have won in Israel. And, on our side, the advocates and perpetrators of ruthlessness have been discreetly forgotten—or have discreetly changed their tune.

It is not irrelevant to compare the behaviour of the British Army in Palestine and the German Army in Russia. Mr. Paget even goes so far as to defend Manstein's decision, during the German retreat, to herd the whole civilian population into "labour camps" in Germany; he defends the shooting of prisoners without court-martial as a necessity of war when you have to deal with a widespread Resistance Movement. Yet Mr. Paget would be the first to protest if a British Army were guilty of such inhumanities. There is no doubt that, if our men had been permitted even a tithe of the ruthlessness which Manstein employed without any pangs of conscience, we should hold Palestine to-day. But General Barker was restrained by a national ethos which revolts against cruelty, *even when it is necessary*. This is a kind of decency which Mr. Paget shares but which Manstein would despise as softness and punish with the utmost severity in any officer under his command.

Mr. Paget's book shows how easily this British decency can be exploited by a Prussian officer. Too many warm-hearted Englishmen still assume with him that history is a British court of law; and that, since the German Generals did not receive British justice after their defeat, they must be decent fellows like ourselves. Though an obvious logical fallacy, this conclusion is convenient if a German contribution is required to the defence of Western Europe. Yet a foreign policy based on this kind of self-deception is nearly as dangerous to the peace of the world as the high-minded ruthlessness of the Prussian tradition.

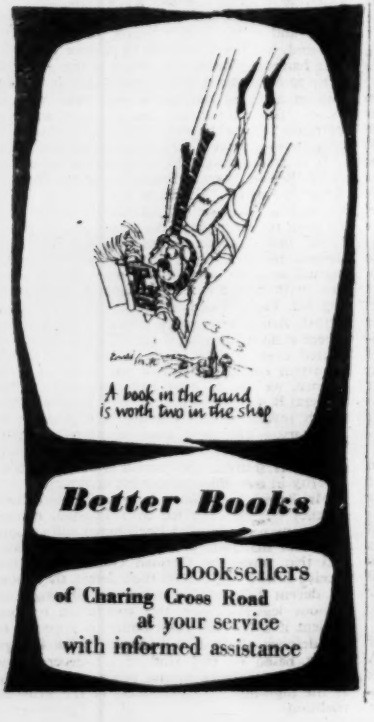
R. H. S. CROSSMAN

LOST: A PRIME MINISTER

Dizzy. By HESKETH PEARSON. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

Mr. Hesketh Pearson has a deserved reputation as a biographer. He specialises in oddities, a Sydney Smith or a Labouchere, men who have enlivened history and who still crackle when resurrected. Even when he treats a great writer, Dickens or Bernard Shaw, it is the character rather than the genius which wins his attention. Mr. Pearson has an admirable gift for narration; and he knows how to keep to a reasonable length. Every biography of his has provided entertainment; and some even a little profit.

With Disraeli he has got out of his depth; or at any rate is keeping company that doesn't suit him. Of course the story is told with gaiety and skill. Disraeli's best remarks are reproduced effectively; and the mistakes of fact are not more than one would expect in a popular biography. But it will not do, even as a picture of Disraeli; and it does not attempt to tackle at all the more general questions which are raised by Disraeli's career. Disraeli was first an oddity; then a flashy novelist; finally, for most of his life, a hard-working politician who ended as Prime Minister. Mr. Pearson does his best for Disraeli as a character and a wit, but he soon realises that the material is too thin; the young Disraeli is only worth attention because of what the old one became. Again, Mr. Pearson cannot find much merit in the novels. In fact he is too hard on them —*Coningsby*, despite all the rubbish in it, is a good deal better than he makes out. Still, there it is. Disraeli the politician is left to carry the book; and politics mean history, a subject of which Mr. Pearson has a very low opinion. He writes: "To those who are interested in human beings, the story of humanity is tedious and depressing, because repetitive," and he dismisses Disraeli's *Life* of Bentinck with the crushing verdict: "His work, though it sold well enough at the time, would now appeal only to a historian."



Moreover, Mr. Pearson has always held the view that every man is a hero to his biographer, which is certainly a great deal more sensible than the opposite practice. But it has its difficulties when dealing with public life. It is all very well to think every remark of Sydney Smith's witty or every play by Bernard Shaw a work of genius; it will not do to think every act of Disraeli's wise or to dismiss all his opponents as villians. Mr. Pearson is deplorable on Peel and merely silly on Gladstone. Or is this too harsh for the phrase "claptrap disguised as conviction?" The Eastern crisis of 1875-78, which was the highlight of Disraeli's later career, is described without the slightest inkling of what it was about. Yet the material is at hand in Seton-Watson's book on the crisis. A scientist would be indignant if someone set out to write a life of Lord Rutherford without a knowledge of elementary physics; and a historian can hardly approve when the life of a Prime Minister is written with Mr. Pearson's political equipment.

The personal oddities are there all right: Jewish origin, affected speech and dress, preference (very rare in England) for female society and limitless, though sincere, flattery for women. But what makes Disraeli worth a book is solely his place in our political history. He was the man who broke the first Conservative party and who made the second. Peel had planned to unite all the owners of property against the party of "movement." This coalition of landlords and mill-owners dissolved in 1846; and for more than twenty years Disraeli led the "landed interest." But the government he formed in 1874 was more widely based; and before the end of the century the Conservative party put the City before the landlord. When did this condition come about? How was it done? Mr. Pearson is content to reply—the principles of Tory Democracy: "that all government exists solely for the good of the governed, that all institutions are to be maintained only so far as they promote the happiness and welfare of the people, and that public functionaries are trustees, not for their own class, but for the nation as a whole." A more serious answer might be found by examining Disraeli's work as Tory leader during the years of opposition and by an intensive study of the general election of 1874. Only then would it be possible to estimate Disraeli's real achievement as a politician and his contribution to the development of party. But no doubt the solution of such questions "would now appeal only to a historian."

A. J. P. TAYLOR

KEITH DOUGLAS

Collected Poems. By KEITH DOUGLAS. *Editions Poetry, London.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Genius in the creative arts is at least as likely to manifest itself in a series of spurts as in a smooth development to a mature style. It is accordingly difficult to assess the work of someone who died at the age of twenty-four except in terms of potentiality. Keith Douglas at the age of sixteen was already writing verse of originality and great promise, but his seriousness of purpose and his determination to say his own words in his own rhythms retarded his achievement of a finished technique. So too, probably, did the Black Beast on his back, which he could never "lay" in a poem.

Mr. Waller and Mr. Fraser, the editors of this beautifully produced book, have arranged the poems in a reverse chronological order: The Middle East, Army, Oxford, Early Poems, Juvenilia, Fragments. This brings the most impressive pieces to the fore, but compels a second reading of the book from back to front. The early poems of Douglas have a precocity that makes the later work slightly disappointing. The last stanza of *Stranger*, written when he was eighteen, is as finished as anything he ever wrote:

> You are the whole continent of love
> For me, the windy sailor on this ocean,
> Who'd lose his ragged vessel to the waves
> And call on you, the strange land, to save.
> Here I set up my altar and devotion,
> And let no storm blot out the place I have.

The reference back to Donne is made with intelligence and originality.

The Oxford poems are very taking, but it is not until Douglas joined the Army that he began to forge an individual style. He did not live long enough to hammer it out. His idiosyncratic sense of rhythm, his steely imagination and his sharp eye did not completely amalgamate, and many of the later poems, remarkable as they are, lack finish. In some ways his best poem is *Time Eating*, written in camp in 1941. This short work is huge in conception and is developed with fine precision. Its slow strength can be gauged from these lines:

> But as he makes he eats; the very part
> where he began, even the elusive heart,
> Time's ruminative tongue will wash
> and slow juice masticate all flesh.
>
> That volatile huge intestine holds
> material and abstract in its folds:
> thought and ambition melt and even the world
> will alter, in that catholic belly curled.

The Middle East poems are original—the voice is like no one else's—and in them Douglas was moving towards the balance of simplicity, economy and intensity at which he aimed. In these poems he moves his focus with striking effect; now he is looking at a distant object through a telescope, now at a near one through a microscope, now turning the telescope around and surveying a scene through the wrong end. In the delightful *Behaviour of Fish in an Egyptian Tea Garden* he goes under water, and in *Cairo Jag* he suddenly moves from a night dive to a new world where the vegetation is of iron—"metal brambles"—and the protagonist has no head. Douglas made out of the desert and its war a new poetic world. When he was attempting to integrate this experience with his old love, Europe, he was killed in Normandy on June 9, 1944. His loss is perhaps the greatest that our literature suffered during the war.

RONALD BOTTRALL

NEW NOVELS

Passion Play. By CLIVE SANSOM. *Methuen.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Catherine Brooke. By RUTH MARSDEN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dress Rehearsal. By MONICA STIRLING. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Engagement in Bangkok. By F. Y. THOMPSON. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"And now," said Mr. Scogan, tapping the seven volumes of dummy books in Henry Wimbush's library, "we come to the *Tales of Knockespotch*. What a masterpiece and what a great man! Knockespotch knew how to write fiction!" Surveying the *terrain vague* of the contemporary English novel one thinks wistfully of the non-existent Knockespotch, whose books held such "extraordinary adventures and still more extraordinary speculations," or of that real-life paragon, Pérez Galdós, who, Mr. Brenan tells us in his new book on Spain, "is one of the greatest of European novelists, a Spanish Balzac whose books have some of the raciness of Dickens as well as the psychological profundity and interest in abnormal states of mind shown by Dostoevsky." A distinguished American critic recently listed the reasons why fiction as an art-form might be considered to be dead, making his prognostication even gloomier by the note of forced optimism on which his essay ended. Certainly, there is little to draw comfort from in this week's selection. None of these books bears any relation to Knockespotch or Galdós. Agreeable small beer is the best that can be said of them.

Mr. Sansom is a poet, and *Passion Play*, his first novel, has a freshness and spontaneity that is appealing. Set in a small village in the Bavarian Alps, the book describes the production of the local religious drama and its effect on the lives of those concerned. The characterisation—two

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priests, one old and cynical, the other young and enthusiastic, the village girl who plays Our Lady, the young professional actor from Munich brought in to play Judas, who betrays her, etc.—is conventional but adequate. The book has two major flaws. The first is that while Mr. Sansom admirably suggests the feeling of urgency and preparation, the way traditional drama grows in the minds of the villagers, he is unable to sustain this excitement throughout the book. The second is that he has failed to gauge the precise degree of naivety that a novel like this demands. I cannot help feeling that *Passion Play* would have achieved a greater effect if its author had written it with a grain more—or less—sophistication.

Catherine Brooke is one of those novels that is less interesting in its own right than as an archetypal example—in this case, of a certain kind of vice that has attacked English fiction intermittently since the days of Jane Austen. It may be described as the Seed-Pearl-and-Tweed Taboo. No matter how lambent and perspicuous the characterisation of a traditional English novel may be, there is too often a little space railed off from the rest of human conflict in which a certain kind of English gentlewoman can be seen to advantage. In such a jungle clearing, her sprightly common sense, bloodless attractions and unyielding good taste are thrown into abundant relief. This dangerous chivalry is present at all levels; if it finds its perfect flowering in Mrs. Thirkell's heroines, I suspect Elizabeth Bennett of being the thin end of the wedge.

Mrs. Marsden's heroine, a young war widow living in Cambridge with her three-year-old son, is just such a one. This book tells the story of her post-war life, love affair with an older married man and eventual re-marriage to a University research Fellow who, one gathers, is very much beneath her socially. Mrs. Marsden is as saturated in class assumptions as Mrs. Thirkell, and though she makes her points less blatantly and more by implication, this is merely the result of a difference in generation. She writes well and when she is off her guard she is a lively observer of manners, admirably conveying the desiccation of a university town or the uproar of a North Country cocktail party. If only she could see her heroine "in the round" she would have written a very good novel. Unfortunately, the detestable Catherine with her cool appraising eye and capacity for lapping up other people's sherry, is continually held up as an object for our admiration. This largely destroys the compassion one would naturally feel for her abortive love affair—an incident which, since for once she is not metaphorically dusting the crumbs off her skirt, Mrs. Marsden handles very well indeed.

Miss Stirling is another writer who has fallen in love with her own creation. *Dress Rehearsal* is the epitome of all the novels that have ever been written in praise of the Stage Child. (It even goes one further than that classic example, *The Brontës Went to Woolworth's*.) Couched more in the style of an autobiography than a novel, the book describes the childhood of a precocious girl named Jocelyn. "It made me laugh and it made me cry," writes Miss Margaret Rawlings on the jacket, "anyone wanting to know what life in an actor's family is really like will find the *astonishing* truth here." There is really very little that is astonishing about *Dress Rehearsal* except that one wonders how Miss Stirling has managed to make so witty a book out of such hackneyed material. The teen-ager who hankers for Mum's big-hearted dresser and a cosy corner back-stage while enduring the full Arthur Marshall routine, is old enough *kitsch* for it to be quite a triumph if an author brings it off successfully. Miss Stirling's fate is obviously to give up writing novels and become a magazine humorist; she may well be the English answer to Cornelia Otis Skinner. Meanwhile, one would enjoy, for a change, reading a book about a girl born in a property basket who sighs for a gym tunic.

Engagement in Bangkok is a Novel of Place which has somehow taken the wrong turning. Its theme—a young North Countryman's visit to Siam, as assistant to one of those merchant-eccentrics who were formerly the salt of the Far East—is an excellent one for a popular novel and, once he has got his hero to Bangkok, it looks as though Mr. Thompson will give the reader his money's worth. Unfortunately, instead of the danger and mystification which one rightly expects (up-country drama, villainy on the part of the mysterious Chinese *compradore* who speaks English in the accent of Sir Harry Lauder), we are fobbed off with a tame account of the young man's love affairs. The book peters out in wedding bells. Mr. Thompson should study the novels of Mrs. Bithia Mary Croker, that mistress in the art of combining romance and incident.

JOHN RAYMOND

JANE FRANKLIN

Portrait of Jane. By FRANCES J. WOODWARD. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Miss Woodward, ploughing through the 200 Journals and 2,000 letters comprising the Franklin MSS. in the Polar Research Institute, has been dissatisfied with her predecessor, William Rawnsley, who published a *Life* of Lady Franklin from the same material in 1923. She complains of his "mental blindness," and proposes in this new *Life* to instate Lady Franklin as a distinguished woman in her own right rather than as the domestic appendage of an Arctic explorer.

As far as one can make out from this rich compendium of anecdote and small-talk, Lady Franklin was a handsome woman with a pink and white complexion and a pussy-cat face, bold and intelligent, but with little discrimination and small capacity for affection. She did not deviate enough from the conventions of her time to make her remarkable. Indeed, had she not been married to a man whose mysterious disappearance puzzled the whole civilised world, posterity might hardly give her a thought.

Jane Griffin was born in 1791 of Huguenot parentage, and spent the first 37 years of her life in the Jane Austen world of upper middle-class society, where attractive young ladies never had a dull moment trying to decide which of their admirers they would eventually marry. In Jane Griffin's case the problem did not resolve itself with the usual facility. A Swiss gentleman called Butini fell in love with her but she fended off his advances for years because she had a fancy that Roget (subsequent author of the Thesaurus) might be going to propose. By the time it dawned on her that Roget was never coming up to scratch Monsieur Butini had had enough and retired to Geneva to find a wife. There followed an interlude of desultory courtship by several tentative lovers, none of whom could strike a spark in Miss Griffin's uninflammable breast. At the age of 36 she was still unmarried and almost resigned to blue-stocking spinsterhood. A year later, after one last flirtation with a married Spaniard, she consented to become the second wife of John Franklin, a naval captain five years her senior, who had already made a name for himself in Arctic exploration and was due to be knighted.

The reason for the marriage can only be surmised: a significant gap in the profusion of Journals masks the transaction. But Miss Griffin was a fine well-preserved woman, without any romantic nonsense left in her, yet with a fortune of £10,000; while Franklin was famous, improvident, and left a widower with a small daughter. What the match may have lacked in love it made up for in ambition.

Sir John was a kindly ox of a man, whose principal asset was inflexible courage and good-humour in the face of physical danger: his bovine simplicity of mind was a handicap to a peacetime career in the Navy. His Arctic exploits, however, entitled him to some advancement. In 1836, as the result of matrimonial team-work, he was appointed Governor of Tasmania, where for the next seven years he and his wife struggled with settlers, convicts and an entrenched bureaucracy. The bureaucrats finally defeated them, and he was recalled in semi-disgrace. There was

nothing for it but a return to the Arctic to restore his reputation.

In 1845 *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed under Sir John's command to seek the North-West Passage, that futile day-dream of the Elizabethan age. The ships vanished into the Canadian ice, and it was not until 1859 that their fate was known for certain, although by 1854 sufficient information had been gleaned from Esquimaux to enable a search party to claim the Admiralty reward of £10,000.

How did Lady Franklin pass the racking years of uncertainty? In defiance of reason she refused to wear widow's weeds or apply for a pension: her spirit was indomitable. She spent her money and her stepdaughter's money—to the annoyance of that young lady, who was quite content to be an orphan—freely on the search for her husband; and the final expedition which brought back positive proof of his death was financed almost entirely at her own expense. She applied for help to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of France, as well as the President of U.S.A. and Prince Albert. When she was not bombarding the Admiralty for relief expeditions or organising them herself, she slaked the restless energy, which was her most abiding characteristic, in dashing round the globe. She was never tired of sight-seeing; she had already toured most of Europe, New Zealand and Australia. Now she added the United States, Madeira, Tunis, Greece and the Crimea to her list. What more could a woman do?

Yet somehow Lady Franklin does not attract natural sympathy. Perhaps she paraded her bereavement too blatantly; perhaps her globe-trotting alienates by its frenzy (in later years she rushed round the world visiting Hawaii, Japan and India); or one may baulk at the shallowness of her feeling and the superficiality of her comments on every occasion. Miss Woodward has fallen victim to the pathetic fallacy, to which women biographers are peculiarly prone. Deciphering faded handwriting and fingering sentimental relics is a moving experience, but it is liable to invest the dead with a spurious glamour, which they never possessed in life. It is not the face of a tragic heroine which Miss Woodward conjures up in her *Portrait of Jane* but the more unfortunate vision of a determined lady elbowing her way through a somewhat undistinguished crowd to reach a better seat.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

An Introduction to English Medieval Architecture. By HUGH BRAUN. *Faber*. 42s.

This survey, beginning with the early Anglo-Saxons, of English ecclesiastical and secular architecture is based on the author's knowledge of building methods and structural problems. The best chapters, which are concise and excellent, are those that develop naturally out of his technical appreciation, like that on constructional problems, or the series in which changing plans of various types of building are discussed. Details such as names and dates have wisely been kept away, so far as possible, from text and illustrations, doubtless to secure that the general outlines should not be overloaded. Thus the illustrations, admirably chosen (though the original negatives from which they derive are uneven in quality) provide in their identification an entertaining parlour game—with the answers in the list of plates—for those with a modest knowledge of English medieval architecture. The author maintains the originality and genius of the English builders, and their comparative independence of French ideas. He sees Anglo-Saxon architecture as influenced by Frankish and Ottonian models and the Normans as supplying patronage, rather than architects, in the late eleventh and twelfth centuries. The least satisfactory sections are those on architectural detail and ornament, which are scrappy. Mr. Braun's preference is for the thirteenth century, and Perpendicular (or Late Gothic, as he wishes it to be called) gets perhaps less than its share of the text, though it is allowed some noble pictures.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. BEETHOVEN: No. 7, A major (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB 21106-10). It's not an overwilful performance, but since the first six sides are coarsest recorded of all Furtwängler's Vienna discs, comparisons with Weingartner (Col) or Kleiber (Decca, also LP) hardly arise. Wind-playing is sometimes slovenly; and the articulation of the *rum-titum* in the first movement often sounds simply as *rum . . . rum*. HAYDN: No. 22 in E flat, "The Philosopher" (London Baroque Orch/Haas. SW 8122-3). A most welcome addition to the catalogues. Affection for this endearing symphony (pre-Esterház in date) grows with each hearing. A particularly delightful first movement, with measured tread; and a stylish "authentic" performance, well recorded.

Concertos. C.P.E. BACH: Cello Concerto No. 3, A major (Navarra/Paris Conservatoire Orch/Cluytens. LX 1419-21). Otherwise represented only by two scraps in the Columbia History, Carl Philip Emmanuel's music is not profound, but sensitive and always highly finished. Neat brisk playing from the orchestra, and elegant un-lush solo lines. Good recording. MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 21, C major, K. 467 (LX 1412-5 Casadesus/New York Phil-Sym/Münch). Most unlike Casadesus's usual style. The andante, which is "among the most lovely things in all Mozart," is here made to sound no more than agreeable; the flanking movements are clattery, hard-hearted. Over-powered orchestral playing, and an ill-balanced distorted recording. Stick to Schnabel/LSO/Sargent, despite the un-Mozartian cadenzas. VIEUXTEMPS: Violin Concerto No. 4, D minor (Menuhin/Philharmonia/Süsskind. DB 21307-9). This sweetly poetical music deserves more than a smiling dismissal. Menuhin plays ravishingly, and HMV's engineers always seem happiest when caring for the charms of a faded beauty.

Miscellaneous. BRAHMS: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. (Philharmonia/Markevitch. C 7856-7). Furtwängler's beautiful set costs 15/5½d. more than this one, which can stand beside van Beinum's set (Decca) as a slightly cheaper sister. There is nothing dislikeable, but little to enthuse over. IRELAND: *Mai-Dun* (Hallé/Barbirolli. DB 9651-2). Can the British Council (whose sheltering wing protects this issue) really think that this Symphonic Rhapsody will enhance the prestige of British Music? Why not some Fricker? For Priaulx Rainier's quartet showed that the Council can be adventurous. The fill-up, Ireland's *April* played by the composer, is rather prettier. FRANCK: *Le Chasseur Maudit* (RPO/Beecham. LX 8813-4). Another dreary piece, and there are already two recordings!—though this surpasses them. SULLIVAN (arr. MACKERRAS): *Pineapple Poll* (Sadler's Wells Orch/Mackerras. DX 1767-8). Four sides more—but not, samplers must be warned, the most sparkling—of our delightful English *Boutique*. Four pleasurable laps to go (but all of it on an LP would be fun). DELIBES: *Coppélia*—3ème tableau varié, Gigue and Czardas (Royal Opera House Orch/Irving. C 4105). Those who can't run to Désormière's three-disc two-star set can safely buy this pretty record.

Piano. BEETHOVEN: *Für Elise* and Rondo in B flat (Kentner. DX 1775). The first is a Schumannesque performance of the Schumannesque piece—the best outside Schnabel's in the Albums. The little-known Rondo is cleanly played; and both pieces are well recorded. A nice record. CHOPIN: Polonaise in E flat minor, Op. 26, No. 2 (Malcuzynski. LX 1416). A good performance, not *rushed*, and worthy to stand beside Rubinstein's in the complete set.

Vocal. MEDTNER: Fourteen songs (Schwarzkopf. LX 1423-6). Though hardly Desert Island Discs—the cut of the melodies is too conventional to make them continuously interesting—these records are distinguished by Elisabeth Schwarz-

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kopf's exquisite artistry (how well she has been singing!) and by a fine recording. A book of words (mainly from Goethe and Pushkin) would help. *Im Vorübergehen*, and the side containing *Einsamkeit* and *Praeludium* are the most rewarding. TRADITIONAL SPANISH SONGS: (De los Angeles. DA 1970-5). *El Rossinyol, Ya se van los pastores* and the carol *Campanas de Belén* are meltingly lovely, and this whole collection of sixteen songs from various provinces is a most enterprising issue. Yet despite Victoria de los Angeles's lustrous tone, some lack of personality (seemingly brought on by the studio, for I have not noticed it in life), of delight in the words, prevents unqualified praise. The guitar accompaniments are beautifully played, and only once or twice are the high notes distorted. A pamphlet (1s.) containing text and translation, and what EMI calls an "art album" are available. VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—extracts from Act II (Tagliabue, Caniglia, Meletti, Pasero. R 30035-7). The first record (all of them are from the complete Cetra set) contains Carlo's *ballata*, "Son Pereda," spread over two sides, and fringed with the lively inn-scene dialogue. R 30036 has Leonora's "Madre, pietosa Vergine," complete to its real ending (which is *after* the dialogue with Melitone), and also Melitone's dismissal by Padre Guardiano. R 30037 continues, with the bass/soprano duet, "Or siam soli," leaving a gap of two sides before "La Vergine degli angeli" (already issued, and Ponselle/Pinza also available). These may seem to be maddening extracts, but the second is worth having; although it ends in the air, it forms a connected sequence, with some of the best music in the opera. The performance is lively and lusty, with plenty of "theatre feel" about it and although the recording becomes rough on the last disc, the rest is up to the standard of the Cetra series. Parlophone should now issue the complete set. VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—"Solenne in quest' ora" and PUCCINI: *La Bohème*—"O Mimi, tu più non torni" (Björling/Merrill. DB 21311). The classic coupling—Caruso/Scotti, Gigli/De Luca (available), and in America Peerce/Warren. In the Puccini the new performance is actually preferable to the Gigli/De Luca! Strong clean singing, excellent recording, beautiful tone, and lively words. In the *Forza* duet the sense of dramatic situation is less evident, but the whole record is most desirable. VERDI: *La Traviata*—"E strano," "Follie follie" (Carosio. DB 21306). Now the only complete recording of the *scena* in Italian, well recorded and accompanied, and very prettily managed except for a dreadfully flat A at the end of side 1. WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde*—Isoldes Liebestod (Varnay. LX 1417). This is probably the version to have, though all three have their faults: Flagstad's a badly balanced accompaniment, Traubel's an inartistic line, and Varnay's a "gear-change" in the tone-colour around E. But her singing is sensitive and intelligent; and though the orchestral detail is not ideally clear, it is more nearly so than in either of the others.

ANDREW PORTER

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,129

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for the opening paragraph of a short story, the hero or heroine of which has just won £100,000 in the football pools, as it might have been written by one of the following: Somerset Maugham, Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, Rudyard Kipling. Entries by October 23rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION, No. 1,126

Set by G. de Vavasour

What's Hecuba to Him . . .? Where were ye, nymphs . . .? Who is Sylvia? O, cuckoo, shall I call thee bird . . .? Competitors are invited to write a letter to *The Times* or *Sunday Times*, suggesting an erudite answer to one of these or to any other such familiar literary question.

Report by G. de Vavasour

No kind of innocence, I am tempted to think, is harder to simulate than that of the pedant. A touch of self-consciousness, and the bland and earnest lunacy (on which this competition depends) evaporates. The standard of entries, however, was suspiciously high. "Sir, To Macduff's question *Stands Scotland where it did?* the correct answer is, of course, No. For over 300 years the theory of Continental Drift has occupied the attention of geographers . . ." (H. A. C. Evans) was in the best tradition. So was "From this it is perfectly obvious that Lycidas was drowned because the Nymphs were absent from their post, as they often were. I am not suggesting that they were in Thessaly, because, as Mr. Gow points out, that place was only the residence of the *local* Nymphs. They were in fact in Chester . . ." (Raymond Lamb) I was fascinated by Nicholas Pennethorne's dark answer to *Who is Sylvia?* "*Wat* is she (i.e., the beautiful boy Sir Walter Burrows) . . ."; by Granville Garley's and P. W. E. Bridle's treatment of *What porridge had John Keats?* by Allan M. Laing's *What are the wild waves saying?* and Fergie's awful explanation to *Why do you walk through the fields in gloves?* A bay leaf goes to Margaret Ram for pointing out Johnson's comment on the whole business: "His (Gray's) supplication to Father Thames to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself." Prizes are shared between the five printed. Other good entries came from P. M., J. P. Stevenson, G. J. Blundell, Colin Shaw, R. J. P. Hewison, Pibwob, Tom O'Bedlam, Nancy Gunter.

Sir,

Is it not time than an answer was given, in the light of modern knowledge, to the question put in *La Belle Dame Sans Merci?* Fortunately, we are asked only what *can* ail the knight-at-arms, not what *does* ail him. I submit, Sir, that the answer is anaemia (indicated by his pallor), deafness (the birds probably *were* singing, but he could not hear them), diabetes (he tried wild honey as an alternative to sugar), dyspepsia (not surprising in view of his incongruous diet), fever of some kind (as actually stated, and evidenced by sweating and nightmares), hypochondriasis (*vide* general behaviour and outlook), malaria (due to proximity of lake and aggravated by eating roots) and or phthisis (suggested by physical languor and wasting). It could, of course, be argued, from the fact that he remained alone, that he knew his ailment to be contagious, or, at least, infectious.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Sir,

"What's Hecuba to him?"

Your correspondent needlessly complicates the issue. The following facts may enlighten him:—

In 1592 Shakespeare's troupe was playing at Henslowe's *Rose*, from 1595-9 at the *Curtain*, which the Burbage brothers demolished in 1599 and rebuilt as the *Globe*, granting Shakespeare a share of the receipts for 21 years. Three years later Burbage creates the highly successful part of Hamlet: Shakespeare plays the Ghost.

Now suppose Shakespeare doubles as 1st Player. Left to improvise the skit on conventional *rhodomontade*, he cryptically mentions Hecuba. Hamlet's soliloquy opens with an involuntary gag by Burbage, who is puzzled. By the Play Scene the penny drops: *Hen*slowe—*Curtain*—*Bacon*, a warning against forgetting 'the base degrees whereby he did ascend.' Nettled, Burbage tartly gags (III.ii.293), 'Would not this, Sir . . . . get me a fellowship in a cry of players . . . .?'—as who should say: 'Yes, but *my* Globe's making your fortune, and don't you forget it!'

D. L. L. CLARKE

Sir,

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

I believe it is at last possible to answer Wordsworth's poignant question.

I recently discovered the diary of a farmer of Kinlochie (on the itinerary of Wordsworth's Scottish tour) in which an entry for 1803 reads:

"An unco stamash owr an English daftie spielin some stite abt the Irish tink's dawtie fee'd to McGluskie, the quean singing My ant she died in the meikle field ayont the biggins. The English billie fair

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fusionless, a bookriter childe but nane ed weel mak out his claik."

Visiting Kinlochie, I found that the ex-postmaster's grandmother frequently sang this "humble lay," and he recalls the quatrain—

"My aunt she died a month agone,
And left me all her riches,
A feather bed and a wooden leg,
And a pair of calico breeches,"

—which strikingly bears out Wordsworth's second conjecture regarding the nature of the song.

ELAINE MORGAN

Sir,

Your readers are doubtless familiar with the question posed by Rupert Brooke regarding the Church clock at Grantchester, on which I have recently carried out considerable research. A careful investigation of the Church records reveals no note of a stoppage during any afternoon in 1912. The verger stated that, although frequently running slow, the clock has stopped only once since 1910. In April 1937 it stood at 12.10 for three days during the removal of a jack-daw's nest, at a labour charge of £3 10s 6d. It would appear, therefore, that the inquiry necessitates a negative reply, whether it is regarded as referring only to the time of writing or to the present day. The likelihood of obtaining honey for tea, in May 1912, and at the present time will constitute a later communication.

(Mrs.) J. F. REDHEAD

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?"

The answer "Adam," (because of Eve's sex), is too banal to be considered.

Clearly this is an instance of a corrupt text. Scholarship and internal evidence show that "gentleman" was originally "gent's leman." To-day "gent" is a vulgar abbreviation, but in the fourteenth century and much later it was an honourable appellation—compare the inscription on old tomb-stones where, if anywhere, vulgarity would be taboo.

Then again, "leman," in Middle English "leofmon," "lief man," so far from bearing the derogatory implication it has come to assume (compare "mistress"), meant simply "sweetheart," though possibly John Ball as a priest had in mind that Eden possessed no church or even registry office to legalise the union of our traditional first parents.

The correct answer to the query is of course, "Eve."

PIRWOB

CHESS : Escape from Nemesis

No. 106

It must be due to the pleasing fact that our sympathy tends to belong to the underdog. Most of us at any rate, when thinking of our own and other people's fatal blunders, seem to be fascinated by someone dodging rather than meeting his just deserts. Most likely, of course, such lucky escape will be due to the other fellow's blunder, and it may well be said that in chess he who blunders last blunders fatally. Take

this position reached, not without some previous blundering opposite, by Dr. Zabel (White). He should have played P-B5, but he thought to be administering a neat *coup de grace* by Q-B5. He must have had a rude awakening when his opponent countered R-K1.

Telling another story against himself, the same player recalls this tantalising position where, with the Black pieces, he was so obsessed by the idea of mating with his KKtP that he rashly played R-Q7. Eager to divert the pinning R he overlooked that he would be mated himself by Kt-B5. Had he played (1) . . . K-Kt2, he could have mated with R-B5 if his opponent had been rash enough to push his KKtP. But the position contains a number of far more subtle mating possibilities, such as (1) . . . K-Kt2, (2) R-K6, P-R3, (3) R-K2, P-Kt4 ch, (4) K-R5, RxR, (5) KtxR, B-B3.

Here finally is a most instructive escape—but then R and P endgames are always instructive—showing how the Swiss master Grob (at Madrid, 1951) saved ½ point against Prins, the winner of the tournament. Black certainly ought to win, but Grob fully exploited the nuisance value of his passed pawn. Here is what happened.

(1) P-B6	R-QB8	(5) RxP ch	K-R5 ?
(2) K-Q5	P-Kt5	(6) R-Kt5	P-Kt5
(3) K-Q6	P-Kt6	(7) RxBP	P-Kt6
(4) R-QKt8	KxP !	(8) R-QR5 ! !	

The draw is now assured. Black should have played (5) . . . K-Kt5. He evidently expected (7) R-QB5 which might have won him the ending.

A : G. Bernhardt 1950

B : Lobodinsky 1950

In this week's competition **A**—White to win—is very nearly a fitting companion piece, since Black has to reveal considerable ingenuity in trying to escape his nemesis. Alas, he is thwarted at the last moment. With so broad a hint 7 ladder points may be fair enough rating. So as not to neglect our problem addicts too much, **B** is a 3-mover by a Soviet composer. The key is by no means obvious, and the problem seems hardly over-rated with 6 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by October 22.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set September 22

A : *Key* : Q-Kt1.

B : (1) Kt-B6 ch, Q x Kt ch. (2) K x Q, Kt(7)-K5 ch. (3) K-K5, Kt-Q2 ch. (4) K x P, B-Kt5 ch. (5) K-Q5, Kt x Q ch. (6) K-B6, Kt-B3. (7) KtP queens ch, K x Q. (8) BP queens ch, B x Q. (9) P queens ch, Kt x Q.

Two-movers are obviously too simple for our "regulars"; almost everyone solved **A**; but many, of course, were stumped by the intricacies of **B**. Prizes shared by J. Ansell, D. E. Cohen, W. T. Maccall, A. Rutherford. Equally flawless solutions from R. W. B. Clarke, Leslie Hale, M. Kaye, N. McKelvie, F. R. Oliver, J. M. Reid, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

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UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited for the Chair of Social Studies, tenable in Durban. Salary scale: Men £850 × £30—£1,180 × £2B—£1,200. Women £600 × £25—£900. In addition, full Civil Service cost of living allowance is paid. The cost of living allowance paid at present amounts to £256 p.a. for married men and £109 p.a. for single persons. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is November 30, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Department of Economics. Applications are invited for a Research Assistant in the salary range £250-£350, to work on problems of applied economics forming part of the research programme of the Department of Economics. Appointment for one year in the first instance, eligible for renewal for a second year. Particulars from the Registrar, to whom applications (four copies) should be sent not later than October 20, 1951.

B.B.C. requires Geography Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department mainly to prepare Geography series for Secondary Schools. Wide general interests, literary ability and a sympathetic understanding of children are essential. A university degree (not necessarily in geography), teaching or other educational experience and travel are desirable. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £965. Write to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, for application form and further details (including superannuation position of teachers serving with B.B.C.). Please mark letter "Geography P.A.—N.Stm.," and enclose stamped addressed envelope. Completed forms to be returned within three weeks from date of this advertisement.

B.B.C. requires Assistant (British) in the Malay/Indonesian Section. Essential qualities are sound knowledge of Peninsular and/or Indonesian Malay and ability to supervise accuracy of translation into both languages. Ability to prepare in English, news bulletins, commentaries and talks for translation would be an advantage. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Malay, N.Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SCIENCE graduates are invited to apply for appointment as lecturer in the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat. Lectures are given on every aspect of wool in schools, colleges and adult education institutions of all kinds. Previous lecturing or teaching experience is desirable. Some knowledge of wool would be an advantage, but training will be given after appointment. The work will entail considerable mid-week travel. Commencing salary £484 (man), £440 (woman), plus superannuation benefits. Subsistence allowance and first-class travelling expenses are paid. Applications should be marked "Confidential" and addressed to the Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1, within two weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

WEST Sussex County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes for the appointment of House Mother at Woodlands, the County Council's Children's Homes in Chichester. The vacancy exists on account of the retirement of staff. Applicants should be ready to make a home for 12 boys and girls, have initiative and imagination in planning activities and experience in the residential care of children. Salary £280 16s. per annum, less £60 which will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date two weeks after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

PROMISING future for bachelor aged 29-35; cheerful disposition; willing to help any capacity as Personal Assistant to business man with high-class country hotel interests. Experience meeting varied personalities. Continental travel an advantage. Salary £400-£500 a year, plus all living expenses. Applications must be handwritten and recent photograph or snap enclosed. Details of present position and personal background treated in confidence. Write G. Praylng, 4 Park Rd., Harrogate.

NORTHERN Ireland. Londonderry High School. Required for January, 1952, fully qualified Mistress for Games and Gymnastics. Suitable candidates from Great Britain may receive a bonus towards travelling expenses. Apply at once to the Head Mistress.

ASSISTANT Education Secretary. Candidates must be familiar with educational practices of the co-operative movement and qualified in secretarial procedure. N.U.C.O. scale: £569 per annum. Application forms, to be returned by October 25, 1951, obtainable from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15, Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Jewish Blind Society has the following vacancies: (1) Occupational Therapist whose main duties would be at the Society's Dorking Home but who would also be expected to run classes at the Society's Clubs in London. Living-in staff, preferably with nursing experience, for the Society's Homes in Dorking and Margate. Applications to Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

APPLICATIONS invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Y.M.C.A. Secretaries. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth, and good health. The Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/10, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Resident teacher required for small group of backward juniors in House for emotionally disturbed children. Remedial teaching and crafts. Please make full application in first instance. Warden, Ponds, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker, with special interest in community care of mental defectives, required at once. Work varied and responsible. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Full information from Secretary, Cambridgeshire Mental Welfare Association, 2 Jesus Lane, Cambridge.

MATRON required for infants' home (5-7) Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Experience in child care and ability to control staff essential. Salary (plus full residential emoluments) according to qualification. Superannuation scheme. Application form from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

WARDEN required for the Barge Boys' Club in Wapping. Vacancy created by reason of ill-health. The post is a difficult one demanding emotional maturity, high standard of physical health and wide experience of work with boys. Only suitable for a single man able to live alone aboard the barge. Men wedded to the ideas of orthodox youth work should not apply. Applications, with full history, and enclosing copies of two recent testimonials, together with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Barge Boys' Club, Box 6475. They must be received within 14 days of this advertisement.

THE Governors of Alford House invite applications from men with suitable qualifications for the post of Warden of the Youth Club and Social Centre. Min. salary £400 plus addition for recognised ability and exp. The post offers considerable scope in extensive and well-equipped new premises. Applics. in writing with testimonials and names of 3 referees to the Secretary, Alford House, Aveline St., London, S.E.11.

INTELLIGENT young lady reqd. Position involves the keeping of records and undertaking research work of a political character. Responsible only to Senior Executive, initiative & adaptability more important than age, exp., or nationality. Apply with full personal details, stating salary reqd., to Box 6367.

FREE-lance reqd. regularly to provide authoritative topical articles and notes on aspects of dairy farming from the producer-retailer angle. Farming topics not reqd. Box 6140.

SECRETARY required with knowledge of shorthand and typing for work with medical records. Apply: Director, Radiotherapeutic Research Unit, Hammersmith Hospital, Ducane Road, W.12.

AT your service for introductions to secretarial posts in Central London. Call and see Miss Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND-Typist, over 21, for interesting work in London daily newspaper office. Box 6482.

INTERESTING, varied secretarial work, typing, duplicating, correspondence, etc., shorthand desirable but not essential. Apply Secretary, Brunel Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YNG. man, 21, Sch. Cert. & Higher (Arts), sks. work, Manchester, Pref. lit./musical; but anything consid. Box 6403.

YOUNG lady, university education, good secretarial exp., French, German, extensive knowledge Europe, seeks post. Box 6378.

YOUNG man (23), B.Sc., Econ. (Hons.) seeks post London area. Fluent French, Italian. Any work considered. Box 6377.

ASSISTANT Editor, weekly newspaper, hard-working, cultured, left-wing but non-party, frustrated present job, wants creative post, not necessarily journalistic. Can anyone help? Box 6292.

ADVERTISER (m.), 26, ex-hostel warden, car driver, capable, willing, sks. work, pref. N.W. England few mths. Live in pref. Wage immaterial. Free now; refs. Box 6405.

IS there a gentleman who would appreciate the services of a well-educated lady housekeeper? Loyal service given to considerate employer. Highest refs. Box 6291.

YOUNG man (30) touch-typist with excel. knowledge of English seeks progressive position. Secretl. or staff admin. Box 6288.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

GIRL, 22, B.A., s./t., seeks job till March, min. £6 p.w. Box 6552.

BETTER job sought by press and publicity man, aged 27, now assistant with national organisation. Experienced in trade journalism, magazine production, publicity methods. Cambridge Economics graduate, former History scholar. Write Box 6339.

YOUNG lady, 20, London matric., fluent French and Spanish (F.I.L.), also knowledge German and typing, seeks interesting position where can use initiative. Box 6294.

AMERICAN lawyer, University and Bar, youngish, English wife withholds his passport, seeks post, preferably involving law, but essentially providing them with means of sustenance. Box 6287.

SECRETARY-Archivist, five years' experience with cultural organisations, including three years Europe and Middle East, good shorthand, good working knowledge French, some German, seeks appointment with cultural &/or internatl. organisation. Box 6286.

TRAINED (M.H.C.I.) & experienced woman Caterer seeks temporary appointments Autumn & Winter. Small or large scale catering, kitchen re-organization, costing, etc., Southern Counties only. Box 5488.

PERSONAL

MUSICAL impoverished family (4) appeal gift/loan piano, mother ex-prof., 1 boy very talented; every care taken. Box 6418.

KENNETH Adamson is setting up home at 6 Willoughby Rd., Hampstead, with Yolande Veitch after their marriage on Oct. 13.

STUDENT (f), 23, willing baby-sit evenings W. or S.W. London. Box 6383.

TO let: Lock-up shop, basement, suitable publishers, art agencies, photographers, etc. Connaught St., W.2. Box 6509.

FRENCH grad. (Sorbonne), wide knowledge French lit. seeks post reader-adviser to publisher. Interested transl. Box 6528.

MENTON, A. M. Paying guest taken in private villa. 2 meals. Sea front. Good food. Lovely winter climate. Low terms. Box 6397.

AFRICAN Drums! Special recording. West African Writers and Artists Club. Limited edition 10s. 6d. each. Rodney 2948.

GENERAL Election: be sure to challenge all your candidates on the Conscription issue. No Conscription Council, Kings Cross Mission Bldg, Cresfield St., W.C.1.

THE Flower Remedies of Dr. Edward Bach bring gentle healing to mind and body. Enquiries: Olive Wilson, Romany Tan, Godshill Ridge, Nr. Fordingbridge, Hants.

RORSCHACH testing expert (Univ. degree in Psychology) has afternoons free; exp. in teaching backward children. Box 6401.

MATLOWS. Wtd. authentic (unexpurg.) stories (wr.-deck life, humour, songs, slang; sketches, photos, etc., war peace; any nationality. Write in first inst. Box 6333.

HOME and use six acres arable and grazing offered single gentleman willing work up small Guernsey herd and other side lines on horticultural holding. Isles of Scilly. Capital not required. Right type more essential than experience. Write Box 6385.

AMATEUR pianist, young-middle-aged, technique only fair, but at present embarking eagerly on new lease of learning, seeks instrumentalist or singer similar attitude, for joint practice classics. Easily accessible part Hampstead. Please write fully. Box 6214.

EXPERIENCED, trained woman teacher offers part-time teaching. Handicrafts and/or general subjects. 5-11 yrs. Box 6309.

FORMER adviser to Bank of Greece disposing of his specialist library of works on economics, particularly central banking currency and gold problems and on European politics between wars. Unique opportunity teaching institution or Bank intelligence. Finlayson, 3 Denbigh Gdns., Richmond, Surrey.

PAINTING group, London, has room for serious painters under 30. Studio with roof garden. Box 6428.

BOARD & accommodation with good family London area offered in exchange some cooking & assistance with two children, five & six, at school all day. Box 6272.

ENGLISH couple with large villa on French Riviera would let or share it for long or short periods. Payment sterling or francs. Write requirements, dates, Box 5487.

HOSPITALITY & care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge & garden. HAMpstead 2291.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulex cards. 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Kollerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

FRENCH, Spanish, Italian. Indispensible for the Language Student. Adam's "First Aid to Verbs," 2s. each, post 1½d. State language required. Students' Careers Bureau, 166 Terminal House, S.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Prof. of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466 ext. 63.

PERSONAL—continued

LE vrai accent by private lessons with French-woman teacher. KEN. 3000.

RUSSIAN conversation practice fortnightly. For particulars apply SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

ENGLISH for foreigners. You will learn quickly and find my lessons full of interest. PARk 5806.

FRANCE For Perfect Winter Holidays. Enjoy perfection in winter sports, sunshine and cuisine at famous French resorts. Travel By Rail For Comfort, Economy And Punctuality. Reduced tourist or road-rail tickets issued in advance. Sleeping accom. (1st and 2nd class). Through registration from London of baggage, skis, etc. Information and bookings from Travel Agents or French Railways, Ltd., 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

WINTER sports & Christmas arrangements. Our full programme for the Autumn and Winter season 1951/2, including also our Social Calendar is available! Write for a copy now! Ernst Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KENsington 0911.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 4 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

WINTER Sports.—For inexpensive and all-inclusive Winter Sports Holidays in the French, Swiss or Italian Alps, write for our illustrated Programme of 10 or 17 days' holidays, specially planned for parties or individuals. Group Travel (Continental) Ltd. (Dept. 35), 8 South Molton St., London, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 6337. (A subsidiary of Challis & Benson Ltd.).

ECONOMY is the keynote of our winter sports programme. We have really slashed charges this winter in an endeavour to provide for more people the opportunity to have a ski-ing holiday. Party holidays and individual holidays too are both described in our current programme, obtainable from Ramblers' Assn., 48(a) Park Road, Baker St., N.W.1.

SHORT Story writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

HANDWRITING delineation, expert. Write 50 words. Send 3s. s.a.e. Box 6113.

WINTER sunshine in Bermuda, Madeira, and the French and Italian Rivieras, individually arranged by Business and Holiday Travel, 4a, Regent Building, Tradafgar Square, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

XMAS Party to Sun & Snow in lovely Flims (Switzerland). All winter sports, easy walks & social activities. 10 days £28 15s. 6d., 15 days £37 10s. incl. London. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

P.S.—Winter programme ready at last! Christmas, February, and Easter parties for students and ex-students at Bretaye, Switzerland. 28½gns., Obersgurgl, Austria, 26½gns.

P.P.S.—Lose no time in writing to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow, or 'phone Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

WHAT to Drink and Why Not: witty and erudite leader in Oct. "Health & Life." Only independent monthly of its kind, appealing solely to facts, intelligence and taste, with no axe to grind. 1s. 1½d. post paid, 396(c) City Rd., E.C.1. 13s. 6d. per annum.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"FILMS and Children: The positive approach." By Janet Hills. British Film Institute publication surveying the work which is being done here and abroad to raise standards of film taste among children and adolescents. Ready mid-October. Orders now being taken. 56 pages. Price 2s., post free, from British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

PRE-war Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 2s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steinitz, 64 Talsarth Rd. W.14. FUL.7924

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre. Last three weeks of the 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.30. All seats bookable. 2s. 6d.-17s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

UNITY. EUS. 3391. Last week of "The Germans," Weds. to Sats., 7.30. Members.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.0. "St., Sun. 5 & 8. "Mrs. Dot." Means.

EVERYMAN. Hum 1525. Mars Bros. Season: 1st until Oct. 14: "Monkey Business" (U). Fri 15th: "Horse Feathers" (U). Humphrey Jennings' "Family Portrait" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Oct. 14 7.30. three weeks of the 92nd season. Evs. 7.30.

NEW Era Film Club presents "Strange Marriage," Hungarian Colour Film, Engl. sub-titles, "Diary for Timothy," diary of the late Humphrey Jennings, "Soviet News Reel." Members 3s. 6d., guests 4s. 6d. Oct. 18 and 19. 7.30 p.m. Hammer Theatre, 113 Wardour St., W.1. Details tickets & membership: A. Miller, 166 High Rd., Tottenham, N.15.

"THE Magic Pipe." Soviet fairy tale play for children five to ten. Reading Sun., Oct. 21, 3.30 p.m. 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Tickets: Children 9d., students and S.C.R. members 1s. 6d., others 2s. 6d.

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (Season 1951-2). Royal Albert Hall. First Concert: Wed., Oct. 24, at 8. Metamorphoseen (Strauss), Violin Concerto in G (Mozart); Ein Heldenleben (Strauss). Gioconda de Vito, Paul Beard, Cond., Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tkts.: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., and details of Reduced Ticket Rates for bookings for not less than four concerts at Hall (KEN. 8212) and usual Agents.

FRIDAY, Oct. 19, at 7.30. Royal Albert Hall. Anglo-Austrian Music Socy. presents "A Night in Vienna." London Symphony Orch. conducted by the world-famous Viennese Composer, Robert Stolz. Herbert Ernst Groh, celebrated Tenor; Beatrice Roland, Viennese Soprano. Popular Favourites include "Fledermaus," "Gipsy Baron," "Night in Venice," Johann Strauss. "Merry Widow," "Land of Smiles," Franz Lehar. "White Horse Inn," "Spring Parade," etc., Robert Stolz. Concert Mgt.; Concert Artists' Promotion Co. 2s. 6d., 4s., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. Ken. 8212 and agents.

THIS Sunday (afts.), at 3, Royal Albert Hall. Anglo-Austrian Music Socy. presents Beethoven Concert with Josef Krips (by arr. with Harold Holt, Ltd.). London Symphony Orch. Clifford Curzon. Egmont Overture, Piano Concerto No. 4, Symphony No. 3 (Eroica). (Concert Mgt. Concert Artists Promotion Co.) 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Ken. 8212 and agents.

POLISH Cultural Institute announces first appearance in England of Polish violinist Wanda Wilkomirska. Wigmore Hall, Sat., Oct. 13, 3 p.m. At the piano: Ivor Newton. Seats 3s., 5s., 7s. 6d., bookable Wigmore Hall (WEL. 2141), & Chappells (MAY. 7600).

PETER Pears & Benjamin Britten. (Presented by The English Opera Group). Museum Gallery Concerts. Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7. Sun., Oct. 21, at 8. Purcell-Britten programme. Tickets: 9s., 6s., 3s., from Chappell's, usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

HARVEY Phillips String Orchestra. Cond.: Harvey Phillips. (Presented by the Anglo-Austrian Music Society.) Wigmore Hall, Wed., Oct. 17, at 7. Tickets: 9s., 5s. 6d., 3s., 6d. at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recital by Tatiana Magid (soprano) and George Sas (piano). Thursday, Oct. 18 at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

FRANCE Ellegaard, Scandinavian pianist, Wigmore Hall, Sat., Oct. 20, at 3. Bach, Schumann Etudes, Chopin, Debussy. 9s., 6s., 3s., at hall. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

ZOE Monteanu, pianist; Eileen Poulter, soprano. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Tues. next, at 8. Bach, Liszt, Haydn, Barrok, Faure, Debussy. 5s., 3s. at door. Mgt. N. Choveaux.

FLEET Street Choir, cond. T. B. Lawrence, Wigmore Hall, Sat., Oct. 13 at 7 p.m., in aid of Christian Action. Motets, Part-songs, etc., by Byrd, Weelkes, Elgar, Mawson, Rubbra, etc. Tickets £1 1s., 10s. 6d., 6s., 3s., obtainable from Christian Action, 2 Amen Ct., E.C.4 (CIT. 6869), Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore St., W.1 (WEL. 8418), and from the Hall (WEL. 2141).

DANCE arranged by Central London Fabian Society, Sat., Oct. 13, 7.30-11.15 p.m., at Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 4s. at door to mems. and friends of Fabian Society only.

A SOCIAL at 13 Chelsea Embankment, your Hosts—International Youth Centre. Dancing. Sun., Oct. 14, 8 p.m. 2s. (49 bus to Albert Bridge).

EXHIBITIONS

ENGLISH Landscape Gardening of the 18th and early 19th centuries. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Oct. 31. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

WILLIAM Dobson, An Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till Nov. 11. Wkdays. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ganymed Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints, and First Showing of Ganymed Collographs by Henry Moore. 10-6 daily, inc. Sats., until Oct. 27. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. (Near Cambridge Circus.)

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London exhibition of Paintings and Gouaches by Marc-Katz. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Paintings by Coque Martinez and Marguerite Chapuzet. Till Oct. 27, 10-5, except Sundays.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Paintings and Water Colours by Michel Kikoine. Water Colours by Z. Erlichman. Sculpture by Bruno Simon. Until Oct. 28. Mn.-Fri. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun. 2 p.m.-5 p.m.

PAINTED Textiles by Michael O'Connell. Paintings by Rachel Roxburgh and Phyl Waterhouse. Sat., Oct. 6, until Oct. 26. Open 11-6 daily, including Saturdays. A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. Recent paintings by Pie, and Pen & Ink Drawings by "Scottie" Wilson.

SCANDINAVIAN Design for Living. An Exhibn. of new furniture and furnishings from Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco. 19 Cork Street, W.1. William Nicholson and Josef Herman.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leic. Sq. Paintings by (1) Walter Bayes; (2) Lord Methuen, A.R.A. Water colours by (3) Jankel Adler; (4) E. Ardizzone. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

PICASSO. 70th Birthday Exhibition. ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. 10-6 daily.

IRVING Gallery, Irving St., Leicester Sq. English Drawings and Book Illustrations. Until Nov. 3.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Recent Paintings by Eileen Agar. Drawings by Sigmund Polliter. Until November 3.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Is This Socialism?" Note new dates: Tuesdays, Oct. 30, Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27, Dec. 4. John Strachey, Kingsley Martin, Mary Stocks, Walter Padley, Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland, Livingstone Hall, S.W.1. 7.15 p.m. Single Tickets 2s. 6d. & 4s., Series 10s. & 16s. Apply: Fabian Society, 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

CANCER Research.—Public Meeting, Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1 (St. James's Park Underground, Victoria St. buses), Wednesday, October 17 at 7 p.m. Subject: The failure of the present methods of Cancer Research and the urgent need for a new approach to the problem of cancer. Speakers: M. Beddow Bayly, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., James Burnet, M.A., LL.B., M.D., F.R.C.P.E., and Peter Freeman, M.P. Admission free.

GILBERT Harding, Maurice Gorham, Leslie Ayre, in a discussion on "The Challenge of Television." St. Pancras Town Hall (opposite St. Pancras Station). To-night (Friday, Oct. 12), at 7.30 p.m. Tickets (free) from St. Pancras Town Hall.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Oct. 16. Lecture "Cubism. Klee and Architecture" (A. D. B. Sylvester). 18th: Lecture, "Picasso" (Paul Eluard). 19th: Prokofiev at Sixty. Intro. H. G. Scar. 22nd: Films shown at Edinburgh Festival, 1951 (Jas. Broughton). 24th: Public View discussion on Henri Laurens, Keith Vaughan. 26th: Young Composers (Malcolm Arnold). 30th: Soiree at Tate Gallery.

MOSCOW Mission, by Kathleen Lonsdale; Chair: Benn Levy, 57 Dean St., Shaftesbury Ave., Nov. 2, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. 6d. Annual Dinner (Nov. 17); Compton Mackenzie (City Lit., Nov. 30); Jacques Barzun, author of "Berlioz" (Dec. 18). Shaw Soc., 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18. 1-yr. sub. 7s. 6d.

RUDOLF Steiner's Contribution to Social Reconstruction. Lecture by B. W. Stockwell, M.A. "A New View of Economics," at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, on Tuesday, Oct. 16 at 7 p.m.

ANTIQUARIAN Booksellers' Association Annual Lecture, Thursday, Nov. 1, 6.30. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Michael Sadleir: "Extracts from Case-History of Bibliomaniac." Tickets 2s. 6d. from 15 Orange Street, W.C.2.

SOIREE at Tate Gallery. Oct. 30, for members of Institute of Contemporary Arts. One event in varied programme of lectures, discussions, etc. Membership 2gns. p.a. Enquiries 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

ALL Nations Social Club, "African Federation" by Dr. Hastings K. Banda. Thursday, October 18, 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1. (Behind Cumberland Hotel.) Non-members 2s. at door.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Oct. 14: Professor J. C. Flugel, D.Sc. "Psycho-analysis and Psychology." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain, 1st of 2 Election Meetings at 52 Clapham High St., S.W.4. Sun., Oct. 14, 7.30. "Your Vote and the General Election." Spkr. D. Mesa. Adm. free, questions, discn.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DANIEL George on "The Folly of Fiction." Fulham Central Library, 598 Fulham Road, S.W.6. Monday, October 15, 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

"THE Purpose of Tragedy": Hugh Shearman, Ph.D. (from Northern Ireland). Sun., Oct. 14, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. Oct. 16: "Orientation of Life—Integration of Personality." All welc.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Oct. 17, 6.30. "Buddhism & Democracy." Mr. Maung Maung Ji, M.A.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Oct. 20, at 6 p.m. Mme. Claude Cezan: "Le Musée Grévin."

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Oct. 14: God and Man.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Oct. 16, H. J. Blackham, B.A., "Can We still be Rationalists?" Admission free. Collection.

"FASHION and the Time Spirit." A lecture will be given by James Laver, F.R.S.A., F.R.S.L., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Oct. 15 at 8 p.m. Admission free.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"RUSSIA, Marxism and Europe." Course of 6 University Extension Lectures, by Leonard Schapiro, LL.B. Weekly on Tuesdays at 7 p.m., beginning Oct. 16. White Eagle Club, 2 Albert Gate (near Knightsbridge Underground). Course fee, 10s. 6d. Single lecture 2s. 6d. Tickets at door.

WEEK-END School organised by Central London Fabian Society at Pasture Wood, nr. Dorking, November 16/18. Harold Wilson, M.P., E. Grebenik (Reader in Demography, L.S.E.) and Paul Yates (of the Colonial Development Corp.) will speak on "Food, Resources and Population." Applics. to Miss B. McSweeney, 50 George St., W.1.

"EDUCATION—For What?" Week-end Conference arranged by Progressive League, Nov. 9-11, at Arnold House, Brighton. Willis Dixon: "A Survey of the Present Position—with Thoughts for the Future," Dr. G. S. Prince; "Parent and Child in Relation to Education," Dr. John Cohen: "The Social Psychology of Childhood," A. Barclay Russell: "The Importance of Art to the Child, to the Adult and to the Community," James Hemming: "The Relationship of the Experimental and State Schools." Fees from £7 7s. 6d. to £2 15s. Particulars from Hon. Sec., 43 West Park, London, S.E.9. (ELT. 1761.)

"THE Role of Religion in Human Societies." Alfred Cannon. Nov. 2-4. Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon (only 10 minutes from Oxford).

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.